Appendix

....Year Book

Allerlei '06

Lasell Seminary....
Auburndale, Mass.

Anna Blaisdell

Compliments of the class of '06.

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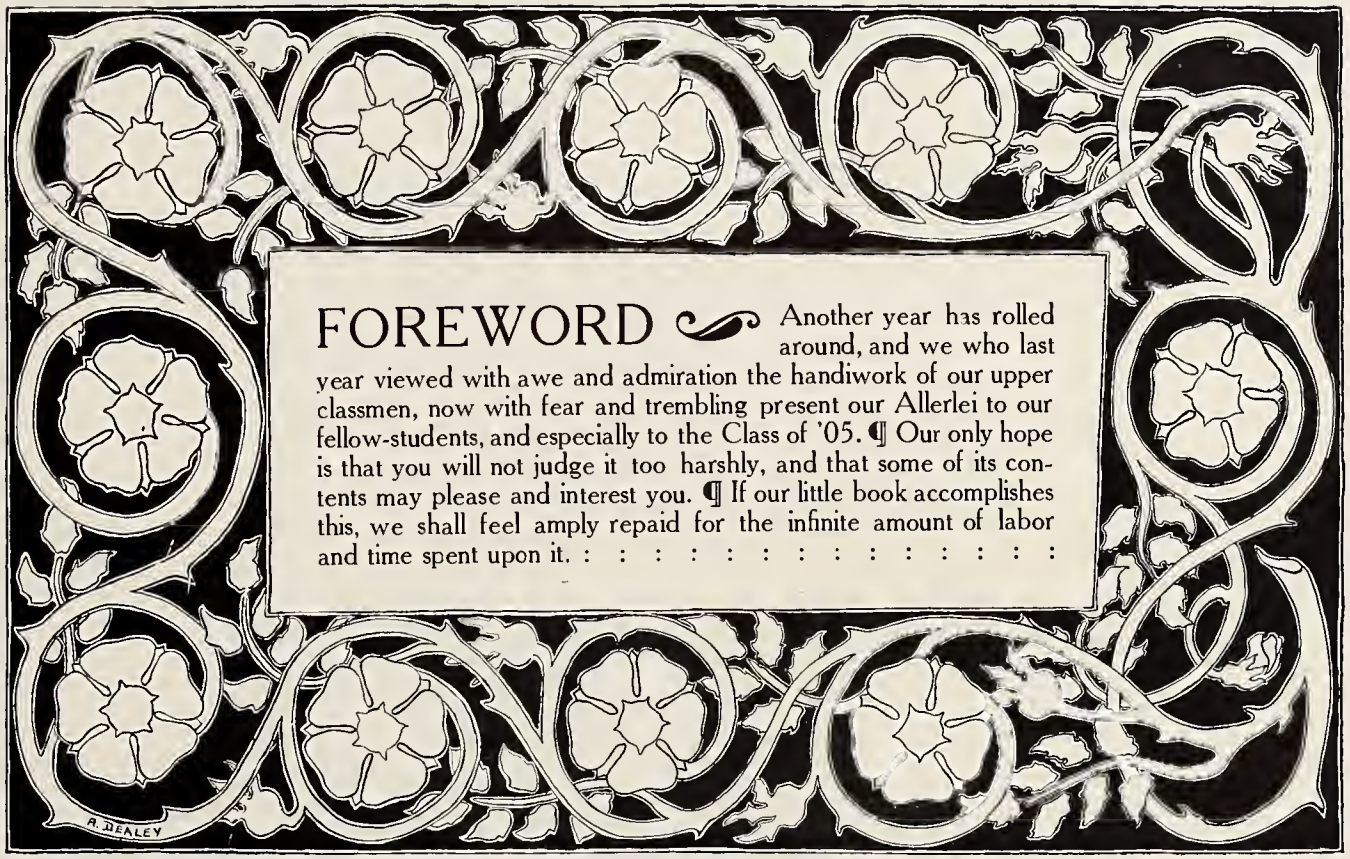

FOREWORD

Another year has rolled around, and we who last year viewed with awe and admiration the handiwork of our upper classmen, now with fear and trembling present our Allerlei to our fellow-students, and especially to the Class of '05. ¶ Our only hope is that you will not judge it too harshly, and that some of its contents may please and interest you. ¶ If our little book accomplishes this, we shall feel amply repaid for the infinite amount of labor and time spent upon it. : : : : : : : : : : : : : : :

MISS MARY L. NUTT

To whom the Juniors dedicate their Allerlei with grateful affection

CHARLES CUSHMAN BRAGDON
Principal of Lasell

LEON H. VINCENT
Honorary Member of Class of 1906

Two of Our Lasell Songs

ALMA MATER

I.

Bound firm by a bond unbroken,
  Love for old Lasell,
Take we now a pledge outspoken
  E'er to guard her well.

Chorus—Alma Mater, Fidelitas,
  Pledge, girls, for loyalty;
  Sing it now before we part,
  We'll ever faithful be.

II.

Bright school days are quickly past,
  Enjoy them while we may;
Memory still shall them outlast
  When we are far away.

CAMPUS SONG

I.

In moonlight reposing, its charms all disclosing,
  Our student home is shining on the hill;
To-night we are singing, our voices are ringing,
  Are ringing o'er the campus white and still.

Chorus—Come! Come! Sing with a will,
  Sing for old Lasell with a cheer!
  While others are sleeping,
  We'll still watch be keeping,
  A watch of song o'er Alma Mater dear.

II.

These old walls resounding, with mem'ries abounding,
  Shall echo to our loyal, loud refrain;
  And when far we're parted,
  With longing sad-hearted,
  Its lingering notes shall draw us back again.

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Alice Fiske	*Millinery*
Catherine M. Green	*Phonography*

Angeline C. Blaisdell . . . . . *Treasurer*

SENIOR HALL

FRONT LAWN

"Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can get there if we climb;
That by conscientious cramming,
We may Seniors be some time."

Senior Class

Motto : "Deo iuvante"

Class Colors : Gold and White

Class Flower: Daisy

Class Yell : Een dicka deen, dicka fatta, dicka fee,
E bibba bibo, E bibba bibo,
Een dicka deen, dicka fatta, dicka fee,
M D C C C C V.

Honorary Member, Edward Everett Hale

OFFICERS

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Edith Harber . . . . . *Secretary*

Margaret Henderson . . . . . *Treasurer*

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Hazel Carey . . . . . Joliet, Illinois

Roberta Clark . . . . . Frankfort, Indiana

Helen Darling . . . . . Pawtucket, Rhode Island

MEMBERS — Continued

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Laura Weaver	Xenia, Ohio
Ada Wells	Newton, Massachusetts
Leslie White	Lowell, Massachusetts
Mary K. Willett	Flint, Michigan
Agnes Wylie	East Craftsbury, Vermont

Senior Class History

"Unlike my subject now shall be my song,
It shall be witty (?) and it shan't be long."

Sara Frances Bragdon, S.D. ¶ Straightest Senior. After acquiring an infinite amount of knowledge from the seats of learning at Evanston, Ill., she came to Lasell, where she has dazzled the inhabitants since by the brilliancy of her intellectual powers. When she graduates she will leave a great vacuum in the literary circles of the "Hub," as well as in the hearts of her many admirers.

"Great wit is sure to madness close allied."

Hazel Marion Carey, Delta. ¶ Stylishest Senior. She comes from Joliet, and certainly must be older than she looks because she's such a friend of Adam. Does she live in 28 or Senior Hall E?

"Style is the dress of thoughts."

Mary Roberta Clark, Delta, Capt. Co. A. ¶ Struckest Senior. The farm five and one half miles southeast of Frankfort, Ind., was suddenly awakened when Mary Roberta Clark arrived. But it settled again into a state of quietness and serenity when "Bobbie" came to Lasell to gain the culture and refinement of the East.

"The intellect is finite, but the affections
Are infinite and cannot be exhausted."

Helen Alice Darling, S.D., Masquer. ¶ Slenderest Senior. "The Gearl of Pawtucket" first graced our learned halls in the fall of '03. She is ever to be found propped against the wall with her eye anxiously glued to the P. O. box waiting for a letter with a Springfield stamp.

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing.
'Tis that I may not weep."

Edith Clara Harber, Secretary Senior Class, Delta, Masquer. ¶ Sentimentalest Senior. Cheer up, Bloomington, Edith will soon be with you. Seems to be irresistibly drawn to Room 11. Keeps a sharp eye on foreign mail. Acknowledged musical genius of the Senior Class.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Martha Gay Haskell, President Senior Class, S.D., Masquer. ¶ Sedatest Senior. The two milestones which marked the progress of her popularity on the road to fame were the appointments to the presidential chair during her Sophomore and Senior years. She ponders over the C. E. column of the *Greeting*. Probably this interest which she feels arises from the pride she feels in her native town of Auburndale. She never does to-day what she can put off till to-morrow.

"A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs."

Margaret Christine Henderson, Treasurer of Senior Class, S.D., Masquer. ¶ Smartest Senior. She is one of the pillars of Fort Madison. Beautifully posted in church history. She seems quiet and demure; but is she? Of a retiring disposition, first by nature and second by compulsion. Proves herself invaluable in Lit. class when she answers her questions, as she leaves class early.

"There lies a deal of deviltry beneath her mild exterior."

Ida Ruth Jones, Lasellia. ¶ Silentest Senior. Quiet, unassuming Ida Jones hails from Evanston, a suburb of Chicago; and who would ever think she had lived so near that rapid town? But let us take courage; she has come to Lasell to be polished and subdued. She has shown marked literary ability as editor of the *Leaves*.

"Speech is silvern, silence is golden."

Nell Davis Jones, Lasellia. ¶ Seriousest Senior. We borrowed her from "Gay Paree." It is a distinction to have someone from Paris, even though it is Paris, Ill. She gives to all the lecturers who come to town the inspiration of an attentive listener.

"He who is rich in friends is poor in nothing."

Miriam Hall Nelson, Vice President Senior Class, S.D., Masquer. ¶ Strongest Senior. Why of course we've all heard of Derby Line, because that's where Miriam lives. She has given up her position in Military Drill, but still keeps up a keen interest in military affairs.

"Ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely is your strength."

Eila Patterson, Gamma Tau, Masquer. ¶ Smallest Senior. Eila hies from Craftesbury, Vt. She is Mrs. Martin's *only* inspiration. Her Christmas vacation was prolonged so that she might satisfy her childish desire to indulge in the mumps. She boarded the lightning express when she made up her Lit. lessons.

"The light that lies
In woman's eyes."

Mary E. Potter, S. D. ¶ Saintliest Senior. Although she comes from that wide-awake city, Milwaukee, she seems to be dwelling in the environments of a mystic dream. Unlike most of the Seniors, who labor with mediocre success during a whole year, Mary does the work in half the time.

"Of manners gentle; of affections mild."

Edna May Rogers, Delta, Masquer. ¶ Sunniest Senior. The "thin-skinned" of our number came to us from Watertown, N. Y. Because of the atmosphere of deep gloom and stillness which she always carries about her she is an invaluable aid to study in the library, and should be constantly on hand there. Holds the mirror up to nature in the persons of our honored Faculty, with most of whom she is on familiar terms. Can do anything she wants to.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Barbara Cushman Vail, S.D., Capt. Com. B. President of the Missionary Society. ¶ Serenest senior. She might be called one of the landmarks of Lasell. Being so far away from home, and not being able to appear in native costume, it is hard for newcomers to place her as the "Japanese Girl" of the catalogue.

"There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

Grace Evangeline Rowe, S. D. ¶ Scaredest Senior. Why does she deserve this title? Did you ever hear Dr. Bragdon say, "Shall I tell about the candy on the cars?" Does she "eat candy on the cars" when she goes home to Glens Falls?

"Sweets to the sweet; farewell."

Laura Ellis Weaver, Delta, Glee Club. ¶ Submissivest Senior. She is anxious to return to her home in Xenia, Ohio, where she can keep the light on at her own sweet will. A very sweet singer.

"Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired."

Ada Beatrice Wells, S.D. ¶ Shyest Senior. The very name of this maiden from Newton upholds the reputation of the Senior Class for its depth of thought.

"Study and ease
Together mixed, sweet recreation."

Mary Kuykendale Willett, Gamma Tau. ¶ Scholarliest Senior. She is a spark from the Flint of Michigan. Favorite book, *Lavendar and Old Lace*. Has made deep researches into Parliamentary Rules.

"Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed;
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

Alice Leslie White, S.D. ¶ Scientificest Senior. Biff! Bang! Boom! Zip! Leslie gets there. Although she seems to have no impediment in her speech, she spends much of her time in the pursuit of English. Usual remark at 9.30 P. M., "I've five lessons to-morrow and don't know one of them."

"Learn to read slow; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places."

Agnes Louise Wylie, S.D., Masquer. President Christian Endeavor. ¶ Sweetest Senior. Chicago lost a precious gem when Agnes left. Has thoughts too deep for utterance, but in the French class she occasionally volunteers to explain them ("in English, Mlle.?")

"None knew her but to love her."

"And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim"

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

Motto : "Inne alle thynges trewe"

Class Color : Crimson

Class Flower : Rose

Class Yell : Ona-bona-rickety-ree,
Rickety-ona-bona-bee ;
Ona-eena-rickety-rix,
Rickety-ona-ho !—'06

Honorary Member, Leon H. Vincent

OFFICERS

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Lucile Lothrope . . . . . *Vice President*

Katharine C. Washburn . . . . . *Secretary*

Annie Dealey . . . . . *Treasurer*

Fanny Thatcher . . . . . *Historian*

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Edith H. Anthony . . . South Dartmouth, Massachusetts

Anna Blackstock . . . . . Shajahanpore, India

Marguerita Buehner . . . . . Portland, Oregon

Meta Buehner . . . . . Portland, Oregon

Ruth Butterfield . . . . . Kingman, Maine

MEMBERS — Continued

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Marie Cogswell	Portland, Oregon
Lelah Cones	Columbus, Ohio
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Fannie Dealey	Dallas, Texas
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Maude Simes	Somerville, Massachusetts
Maie Straight	Kent, Connecticut
Florence Strong	Amsterdam, New York
Sarah Strong	Amsterdam, New York
Fanny Thatcher	Bennington, Vermont
Bessie Louise Thielens	Chicago, Illinois
May Florine Thielens	Chicago, Illinois
Lura Tufts	Detroit, Michigan
Etta Thayer	Burlington, Vermont
Dorothea Turner	Rutland, Vermont
Katharine C. Washburn	Melrose, Massachusetts
Lucy Wilson	Washington, Iowa
Elsie Young	North Craftsbury, Vermont

History of the Class of 1906

WHEN the Juniors entered upon their work for the year '04--5 it was with a keen sense of responsibility, unencumbered by undue self-esteem, owing to the exhaustion of that sensation during the preceding year. The absolute necessity and importance of a class such as ours was proved early in the year, when we delivered the Freshman meeting from the hands of invading Sophomores, and so great was the appreciation of that devoted class that they felt in duty bound to warn us whenever a Senior entered the building.

Our first attempt to organize was carried through successfully—of course. Not from a sense of impending danger, not from an idea of necessary secrecy, merely to start as we intended to finish—on top—did we rise with the birds and enjoy our first class meeting. I believe the Seniors did happen in with friendly intentions, but they were promptly repulsed, even the one who suddenly showed such an intense love for music that she firmly attached herself to the piano. We were never interrupted again, and how many vital questions have we pondered over and solved, discussed and debated, in the room at the end of the corridor—Room 41!

At the Senior entertainment we held a prominent position, occupying the first four rows of seats, but our turn was yet to come. When all had retired to their rooms and the house was quiet, suddenly there broke forth upon the calm, crisp air the voices of the enthusiastic Juniors, giving their class yells. The Seniors cordially invited us in, and we

were about to partake of a cup of tea when such a blow came to our dignity; it was the announcement that we had been sent for to come home to bed!

Although humbled and often oppressed by visions of blank pages or, worse still, uninteresting ones in the "Allerlei," our spirits are not dulled; and while we endeavor to imitate the illustrious example of our Seniors, and be worthy "supes," we are looking forward with sorrow-tinged joy to the week in June when our Seniors have said their farewell, and we take possession of the crow's nest—Seniors!

Hokey–pokey–ki–yi–yah,
Rickety–rackety–rah–rah–rah;
Hullabaloo, how–do–you–do;
We're the Juniors—who are you?

"Our friends, the enemy"

Sophomore Class

Motto : "Esse quam videri"
Class Colors : Purple and White
Class Flower : Violet

OFFICERS

Helen F. Carter	*President*
Marion Stahl	*Vice President*
Elizabeth Bacon	*Secretary*
Helen Wait	*Treasurer*
Helen E. Carter	*Historian*

MEMBERS

Ethel Argue	Toledo, Ohio
Marion Atwell	Orono, Maine
Elizabeth Bacon	York, Pennsylvania
Mabelle Burwell	Winsted, Connecticut
Marjorie Carleton	Oldtown, Maine

MEMBERS — Continued

Helen E. Carter	Hastings, Minnesota
Helen F. Carter	Dorchester, Massachusetts
Amy Conklin	White Plains, New York
Cora Danforth	Yonkers, New York
Florence Disman	Salida, Colorado
Lillian Douglass	Camden, New York
Jennie Drew	Colebrook, New Hampshire
Cornelia Eaton	Lee, Massachusetts
Carre Fuller	Canaan, Connecticut
Daisy Gilbert	Orono, Maine
Helen Gray	Oldtown, Maine
Anna Grebenstein	Hoboken, New Jersey
Etta Handy	Cataumet, Massachusetts
Lucile Harris	Jacksonville, Illinois
Edith Hill	Somerville, Massachusetts
Margaret Hodgins	Marinette, Wisconsin
Constance Kemp	Chicago, Illinois
Martha Laurens	Charleston, South Carolina
Esther Levi	Victoria, Texas
Amy Lothmann	Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio
Genevieve Maine	Indianapolis, Indiana
Marion MacGregor	Whitefield, New Hampshire
Mabel Martin	Montpelier, Vermont
Mary Masters	Jacksonville, Illinois
Elsa Merz	New York, New York
Elizabeth Peirce	Brookline, Massachusetts
Mary Richardson	Littleton, New Hampshire
Edith Simonds	Chicago, Illinois
Edna Sisson	Binghamton, New York
Ida Sisson	Binghamton, New York
Marion Stahl	Bellevue, Ohio
Anne Vickery	Fort Worth, Texas
Helen Wait	Glens Falls, New York
Ethel West	New York, New York

Sophomore Class History

PASSING through the insignificant stages of " Preps " and " Freshies," we have at last attained the dignity of Sophomores. At the beginning of the year our class, by reason of its spirit and energy, gave promise of paving its way to fame and it has most assuredly lived up to its early predictions, so that we can now in all modesty say that we are the greatest Sophomore Class Lasell has ever produced. The historian feels deeply the weighty responsibility imposed upon her of imparting to the world a slight knowledge of the doings of this wonderful class, but hopes all will fully appreciate the great inadequacy of the English language.

From the first, wise " old " girls impressed upon new arrivals the fact that great benefits were to be derived from being a regular, so our ranks increased daily and we can now boast the proud number of forty.

Though in September many weeping maidens cried unremittingly for home and refused to be comforted, all can now say with beaming eye and radiant smile, " Dear Everybody, I love you." With our improvement in disposition we have also grown and waxed great in stature and circumference during our sojourn at Lasell, which can scarcely be doubted from the amount we have *Eaton*. The favorite dish of all loyal Sophomores is *Bacon*.

That we are a *Master*(*s*) hand at Parliamentary Law, is shown clearly by the fact that all other classes are so remarkably eager to be present at our class meetings and learn wisdom from us. Indeed, on one occasion it required the

1906

combined eloquence of the Seniors and Sophomores, together with the use of our muscular development gained in gym, to restrain the Juniors and Freshmen in their mad thirst for knowledge.

In loyalty to our sister class we eclipse all, for what could prove this fact better than that two faithful Sophomores left downy beds of ease in the chilly dawn of an autumn morn and hastened to Senior Hall to warn its unconscious inmates of an ante-breakfast Junior Class meeting? And on the memorable night when the Seniors first appeared in caps and gowns did we not patrol the halls for hours and shadow all suspicious Juniors and Freshmen lest they suspect the great secret?

In literary lines we have learned to spell and read fluently, so that, unlike the other classes, we can tell the difference between *H. E.* and *H. F.* (*Carter*); with equal accuracy we can prove that " therefore but one can be drown," demand furiously " How long will you abuse our patience! " (with this class history) and explain what makes popovers rise. We could *Argue* with you for hours on " Home Sanitation " and " Business Law for Women." We are not to be *Stahl*-ed by the weightiest problem, and from East to *West* have no rivals. Only *Wait* until 1907 when this class goes (*Dan*) *forth* to win its laurels, and all will be proud to class us as their former schoolmates.

"We hear, yet say not much, but think the more"

Freshman Class

Class Colors : Dark Blue and White

Class Flower : White Carnation

OFFICERS

Edna Lois Thurston . . . . . *President*

Louise Morrell . . . . . *Vice President*

Grace Tillinghast . . . . . *Secretary*

Lela Goodall . . . . . *Treasurer*

Fern Dixon . . . . . *Historian*

MEMBERS

Isabella Blyth	Evanston, Wyoming
Catherine Cann	Yarmouth, Nova Scotia
Elsie Davenport	Norwich, Connecticut
Fern Dixon	Bristol, Rhode Island
Edna Du Bois	Walton, New York
Ruth Evans	Wakefield, Massachusetts
Lela Goodall	Sanford, Maine
Mabel Hamlin	Hamilton, New York
Mina Hexter	Victoria, Texas
Alcine Hotchkiss	Ansonia, Connecticut
Bernice Hover	Germantown, New York
Mabel June	Sheridan, Wyoming

MEMBERS — Continued

Fannie Kempner	Galveston, Texas	Ethel Taft	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Essie Longini	San Antonio, Texas	Edna Lois Thurston	Cambridge, Massachusetts
Louise Morrell	Passaic, New Jersey	Amy Thyng	Passumpsic, Vermont
Charlotte Ryder	Bangor, Maine	Grace Tillinghast	Syracuse, New York
Lula Saylor	Spokane, Washington	Florence Tim	New York, New York
Katherine Swett	Southern Pines, North Carolina	Annah Wilson	Hudson, New York

A Page from the Freshman Journal

FRIENDS, classmates, enemies, lend me your eyes that you may trace the brilliant history of the class of naughty-eight through the phases of its first faltering, uneventful days, to the marvelous achievements of its present grandeur. On what class, if not the Freshman, are dependent all the future hopes and pride of Lasell? What class is more able to uphold its highest standards and bring everlasting fame to its fair name? Seniors grow careless through assured success; Juniors are dazzled by enticing visions of their approaching future; and Sophomores—well, people who live, breathe and have their being within the limited sphere of their own conceits, cannot devote sufficient time to the glory of their Alma Mater. We, then, dignified in spirit, if not in name, have undertaken to fill a position of great responsibility.

During the latter part of September and the first part of October, year of our Lord nineteen hundred and four, some among us were very susceptible to the inevitable "first impressions," but there were others whose vivid hue of green had been partly varnished over by the Prep. year, and so with an intuition born of experience we tried to take every precaution and hold our first class meeting in greatest secrecy. While waiting in breathless silence with the hope

that a few more Freshmen would come, the door was quietly opened, and whom should we see stealing in but a horde of barbarians in the shape of unfriendly Sophs, who put a stop to proceedings. "Ever wishing to be true to tradition," and promptly quelling any thought of rebellion, we settled down to an evening of defiant tolerance, determined to tire our enemy by a campaign of "non-action." Suddenly, however, our guardian spirits whispered from the hallway to ascertain our progress, and upon learning facts there was a—well, something must have happened, for the room was cleared of the intruders before we realized it, and with one accord our gratitude found vent in an enthusiastic shout of "Juniors! Juniors!"

Special Students

Ruth Adams	Buffalo, New York	Bertha Inglis	Paterson, New Jersey
Stella Boothe	Spokane, Washington	Helen Jackson	Des Moines, Iowa
Edna Chedsey	Yonkers, New York	Irma John	Dallas, Texas
Urania Cooley	Holyoke, Massachusetts	Bernadine Johnson	Omaha, Nebraska
Susan Evans	Utica, New York	Mabel Judd	Chicago, Illinois
Clarissa Gibbs	Westfield, Massachusetts	Florence Kiper	Chicago, Illinois
Vesta Gibson	Salamanca, New York	Susan Lamberton	Franklin, Pennsylvania
Lilian Gould	Rutland, Vermont	Evelyn Lapowski	Abilene, Texas
Juliette Greil	Montgomery, Alabama	Hazel Mearick	Dayton, Ohio
Augusta Halberstadt	Pottsville, Pennsylvania	Clara Meyer	St. Louis, Missouri

SPECIAL STUDENTS — Continued

Florence Miller	Bloomfield, Connecticut
Rosalie Myers	Dayton, Ohio
Alice Nims	Turner's Falls, Massachusetts
Sadie Peckham	Fall River, Massachusetts
Ethel Radcliffe	Shelton, Connecticut
Emma Schlapp	Fort Madison, Iowa
Ruth Stone	Camden, New York
Rebecca Talbot	East Machias, Maine
Minnie Trimble	Fargo, North Dakota
Anita Wade	Los Angeles, California
Ada Wood	Dorchester, Massachusetts
Lucy Young	Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio

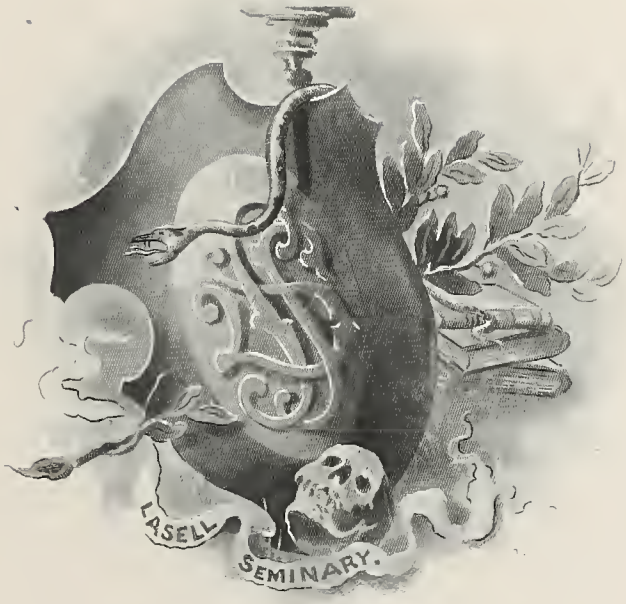
"We are yet but young"

Preparatory Class

Esther Blackstock	Shajahanpore, India	Gertrude Leonard	Auburndale, Massachusetts
Katherine Fassett	Spokane, Washington	Juanita McDermott	Boston, Massachusetts
Grace Griswold	Providence, Rhode Island	Amy Stefferson	Memphis, Tennessee
Florence Holmes	Detroit, Michigan	Caroline Steinmetz	Reading, Pennsylvania
Eunice Kelley	Traverse City, Michigan	Alice Smith	Waltham, Massachusetts
Louise Kelly	Springfield, Ohio	Margaret Watkins	Auburndale, Massachusetts

SOUVENIRS
K/M

S. D. SOCIETY



Drvka Phila

S. D. Society

Honorary Members

Miss Potter
Miss Packard
Miss Bates
Miss Mullikin
Mrs. Winslow
Miss Goodrich

MEMBERS

Marie Andrews
Frances Bragdon
Edna Chedsey
Helen Darling
Fern Dixon
Lillian Douglass
Cornelia Eaton
Lela Goodall
Ina Harber
Martha Haskell
Margaret Henderson
Mabel Judd
Amy Lothmann
Clara Mattlage
Hazel Mearick
Clara Meyer
Miriam Nelson
Elizabeth Peirce
Mildred Peirce
Julia Potter
Mary Potter
Grace Rowe
Irene Sauter
Ruth Stone
Edna Sisson
Ida Sisson
Bessie Louise Thielens
May Florine Thielens
Barbara Vail
Anita Wade
Ada Wells
Leslie White
Agnes Wylie
Anna Wilson
Lucy Wilson
Lucy Young

OFFICERS

First Term

Martha Haskell	*President*
Miriam Nelson	*Vice President*
Leslie White	*Secretary*
Grace Rowe	*Treasurer*
Edna Chedsey	*Critic*
Helen Darling, Clara Mattlage	*Ushers*
Mabel Judd, Frances Bragdon, Agnes Wylie	*Executive Committee*
Ina Harber, Marie Andrews	*Music Committee*

Second Term

Frances Bragdon	*President*
Edna Chedsey	*Vice President*
Barbara Vail	*Secretary*
Mabel Judd	*Treasurer*
Ina Harber	*Critic*
Miriam Nelson, Agnes Wylie	*Ushers*
Marie Andrews, Leslie White, Clara Mattlage	*Executive Committee*
Grace Rowe, Helen Darling	*Music Committee*

Third Term

Leslie White	*President*
Agnes Wylie	*Vice President*
Grace Rowe	*Secretary*
Lucy Wilson	*Treasurer*
Mary Potter	*Critic*
Anita Wade, Clara Meyer	*Ushers*
Helen Darling, Margaret Henderson, Elizabeth Peirce	*Executive Committee*
Miriam Nelson, Cornelia Eaton	*Music Committee*

Drcka, Phila

LASELLIA CLUB

Lasellia Club

Honorary Members

Miss White
Mrs. Martin
Mr. Dunham
Mr. Hills
Mrs. Loomis
Miss Witherbee
Mr. Winslow

MEMBERS

Edith Anthony
Elizabeth Bacon
Anna Blackstock
Esther Blackstock
Meta Buehner
Catherine Cann
Annie Dealey
Fannie Dealey
Edna Du Bois
Enid Eldridge
Katherine Fassett
Jean Fleming
Carre Fuller
Alice Grafe
Gertrude Graham
Augusta Halberstadt
Helen Jackson
Mildred Johnston
Ida Jones
Nell Jones
Louise Kelly
Susan Lamberton
Evelyn Lapowski
Lucile Lothrope
Genevieve Maine
Kathryne McClanahan
Elsa Merz
Louise Morrell
Sadie Peckham
Emma Schlapp
Maude Simes
Rebecca Talbot
Fanny Thatcher
Anna Tompkins
Katharine C. Washburn

OFFICERS

First Term

Edith Anthony	*President*
Nell Jones	*Vice President*
Meta Buehner	*Secretary*
Katharine Washburn	*Business Manager*
Lucile Lothrope	*Critic*
Anna Tompkins, Elsa Merz, Emma Schlapp	*Executive Committee*
Elizabeth Bacon, Mildred Johnston	*Guards*

Second Term

Nell Jones	*President*
Lucile Lothrope	*Vice President*
Mildred Johnston	*Secretary*
Katharine Washburn	*Business Manager*
Lucile Lothrope	*Critic*
Edith Anthony, Elizabeth Bacon, Meta Buehner	*Executive Committee*
Emma Schlapp, Elsa Merz	*Guards*

Third Term

Lucile Lothrope	*President*
Fanny Thatcher	*Vice President*
Elsa Merz	*Secretary*
Katharine Washburn	*Business Manager*
Ida Jones	*Critic*
Nell Jones, Maude Simes, Annie Dealey	*Executive Committee*
Helen Jackson, Enid Eldridge	*Guards*

DELTA SOCIETY

Samuel Ward Co Boston

Delta Society

Honorary Members

Col. Homer B. Sprague

Miss Parkhurst

MEMBERS

Ruth Adams
Stella Boothe
Marguerita Buehner
Sarah C. Caldwell
Hazel Carey
Helen E. Carter
Helen F. Carter
Roberta Clark
Lelah Cones
Cora Danforth
Clarissa Gibbs
Vesta Gibson
Edith Harber
Lucile Harris
Alcine W. Hotchkiss
Irma John
Mabel June
Eunice Kelley
Fanny Kempner
Margaret Lamborn
Gertrude Leonard
Edna Matthews
Mary Masters
Florence Miller
Edna Rogers
Lulu Saylor
Marion Stahl
Florence Strong
Ethel Taft
Edna Lois Thurston
Minnie Trimble
Lura Tufts
Margaret Watkins
Helen Wait
Laura Weaver

OFFICERS

First Term

Edith Harber	*President*
Edna Matthews	*Secretary and Treasurer*
Marguerita Buehner	*Business Manager*
Roberta Clark Edna Rogers	*Executive Committee*
Marion Stahl Cora Danforth Edna Lois Thurston	*Sentinels*

Second Term

Hazel Carey	*President*
Helen F. Carter	*Vice President*
Edna Rogers	*Secretary and Treasurer*
Marguerita Buehner	*Business Manager*
Stella Boothe	*Critic*
Edith Harber Helen Wait Marion Stahl	*Executive Committee*
Florence Miller Lelah Cones	*Sentinels*

A M U B L WARD CO BOSTON

GAMMA TAU SOCIETY

Gamma Tau Society

Honorary Members

Fraulein Heinrich

Dr. T. C. Watkins

Miss Westgate

MEMBERS

Marion Atwell
Ruth Butterfield
Marjorie Carleton
Elsie Davenport
Jennie Drew
Ruth Evans
Daisy Gilbert
Helen Gray

Anna Grebenstein
Grace Griswold
Etta Handy
Florence Holmes
Bernice Hover
Bertha Inglis
Florence Kiper
Martha Laurens

Marion MacGregor
Ruth Marston
Mabel Martin
Eila Patterson
Ethel Radcliffe
Charlotte Ryder
Amy Stefferson
Sarah Strong

Katharine Swett
Etta Thayer
Amy Thyng
Grace Tillinghast
Dorothea Turner
Ethel West
Mary Willett
Elsie Young

OFFICERS

First Term		*Second Term*	
Mary Willett	*President*	Mary Willett	*President*
Marion Atwell	*Vice President*	Eila Patterson	*Vice President*
Eila Patterson	*Secretary*	Ethel West	*Secretary*
Martha Laurens	*Treasurer*	Katharine Swett	*Treasurer*
Florence Kiper	*Critic*	Martha Laurens	*Critic*
Sarah Strong	*Marshal*	Marion MacGregor	*Marshal*
Ruth Butterfield, Bernice Hover	*Committee of Meetings*	Mabel Martin, Sarah Strong	*Committee of Meetings*

THE MASQUERS

The Masquers

"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care and a fig for woe"

MEMBERS

Marie Andrews
Ethel Argue
Meta Buehner
Helen Darling
Edith Harber
Ina Harber
Augusta Halberstadt
Martha Haskell
Margaret Henderson
Mildred Johnston
Margaret Lamborn
Elsa Merz
Miriam Nelson
Eila Patterson
Mildred Peirce
Edna Rogers
Maude Simes
Marion Stahl
Rebecca Talbot
Edna Lois Thurston
Barbara Vail
Agnes Wylie

OFFICERS

Agnes Wylie . . . . . *Business Manager*
Mildred Johnston . . . . . *Secretary*
Ina Harber . . . . . *Treasurer*

Christian Endeavor Society

Agnes Wylie . . . . . *President*

Mary Potter . . . . . *Vice President*

Helen F. Carter . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Missionary Society

Barbara C. Vail . . . . . *President*

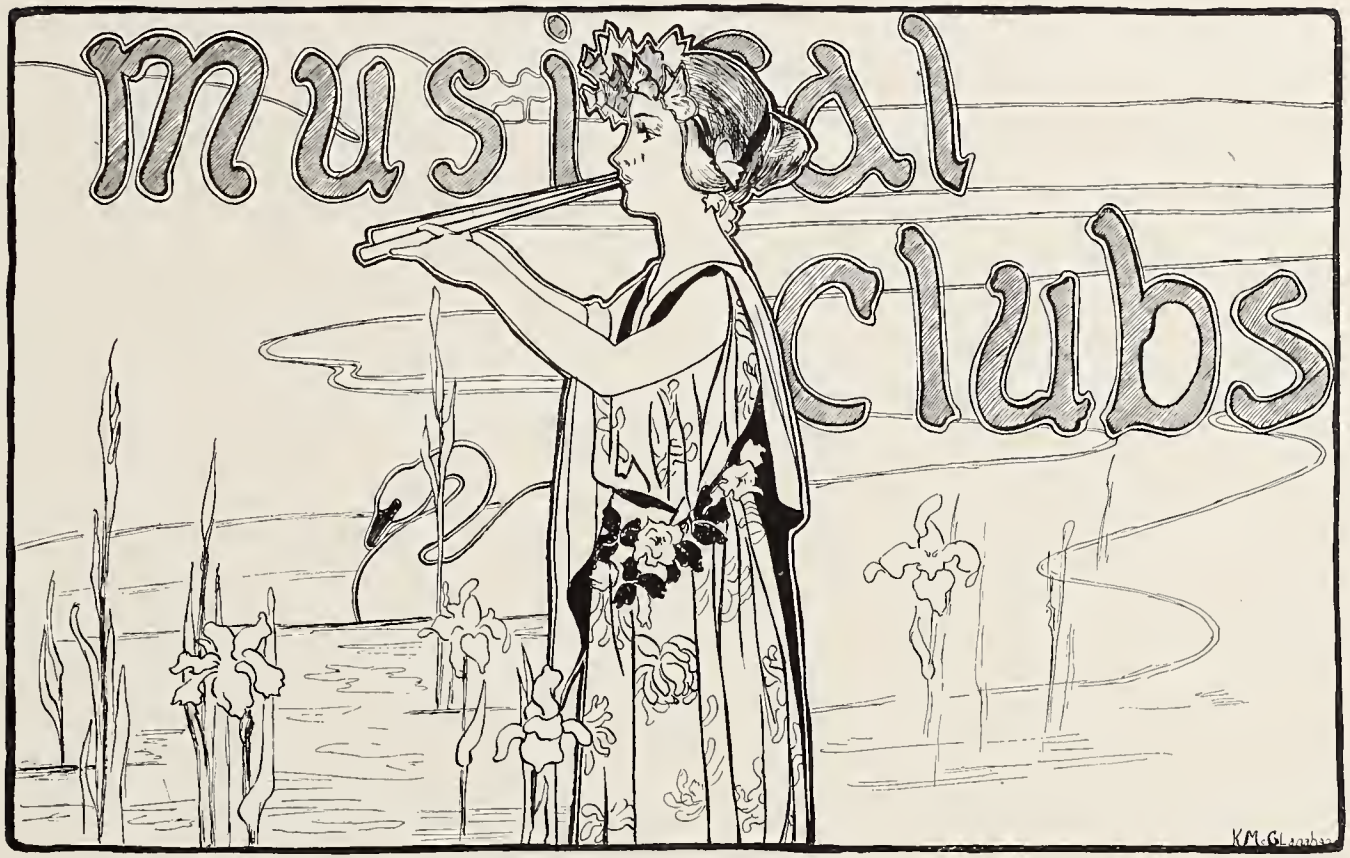
Sarah Caldwell . . . . . *Vice President*

Mildred Johnston . . . . . *Recording Secretary*

Edna Rogers . . . . *Corresponding Secretary*

Mary Willett . . . . . *Treasurer*

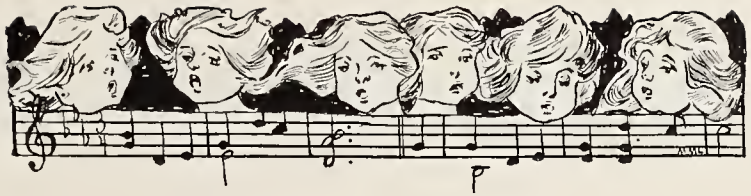
Lillian M. Packard, Agnes Wylie, Ethel West . . . . *Executive Committee*



" Bring your music forth into the air "

GLEE CLUB

Glee Club



"Melodious birds sing madrigals"

Edna Matthews . . . . . *President*

Helen F. Carter . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Miss Bates . . . . . *Director*

Elsa Merz . . . . . *Accompanist*

First Sopranos	*Second Sopranos*	*First Altos*	*Second Altos*
Clarissa Gibbs	Helen F. Carter	Katherine Fassett	Miss Bates
Daisy Gilbert	Lucile Harris	Irma John	Urania Cooley
Louise Kelly	Bessie Louise Thielens	Irene Sauter	Edna Matthews
Marion Stahl	Lura Tufts	Edna Lois Thurston	Katharine C. Washburn
May Florine Thielens			
Minnie Trimble			

MANDOLIN CLUB

Mandolin Club

"Oh, when they 'strum,' let other music cease"

Elizabeth Bacon . . . . . *President*

Edna Sisson . . . . . *Leader*

Amy Lothmann . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

First Mandolins

Elizabeth Bacon
Edna Sisson
Bernice Hover
Lucy Wilson

Second Mandolins

Miss Bates
Genevieve Maine
Amy Lothmann

Guitar

Helen F. Carter

Piano

Maie Straight

Orphean

"Mine ear is much enamored of the song"

Mr. Henry M. Dunham . . . *Director* Miss Curtis . . . . . *Accompanist*

First Sopranos

Elsie Davenport	Louise Kelly	Ethel Radcliffe	Minnie Trimble
Clarissa Gibbs	Florence Kiper	Mary Richardson	Lura G. Tufts
Daisy Gilbert	Hazel Mearick	Edith Simonds	Dorothea Turner
Juliette Griel	Marion MacGregor	May Florine Thielens	
Eunice Kelley	Elizabeth Peirce	Grace Tillinghast	

Second Sopranos

Isabella Blyth	Etta Handy	Martha Laurens	Grace Rowe	Amy Thyng
Helen F. Carter	Irma John	Kathryne McClanahan	Katharine Swett	Elsie Young

Altos

Roberta Clark	Mabel Hamlin	Edna Matthews	Irene Sauter	Katharine C. Washburn
Urania Cooley	Mabel June	Mildred Peirce	Barbara Vail	Mary Willett

The Lasell Leaves

Published monthly during the school year by the Lasell Publishing Association

First Term

Ida Jones	*Editor-in-Chief*
Eila Patterson, Martha Laurens	*Associate Editors*
Margaret Henderson	*Local Editor*
Katharine C. Washburn	*Exchange Editor*
Edith H. Anthony	*Subscription Agent*
Helen Darling	*Business Manager*

Second Term

Edna M. Rogers	*Editor-in-Chief*
Florence Kiper, Maude Simes	*Associate Editors*
Annie Dealey	*Local Editor*
Miriam Nelson	*Exchange Editor*
Mildred Johnston	*Subscription Agent*
Helen Darling	*Business Manager*

Third Term

Bessie Louise Thielens	*Editor-in-Chief*
Jean Fleming, Clarissa Gibbs	*Associate Editors*
Kathryne McClanahan	*Local Editor*
Mildred Peirce	*Exchange Editor*
Irma John	*Subscription Agent*
Helen Darling	*Business Manager*

MILITARY DRILL

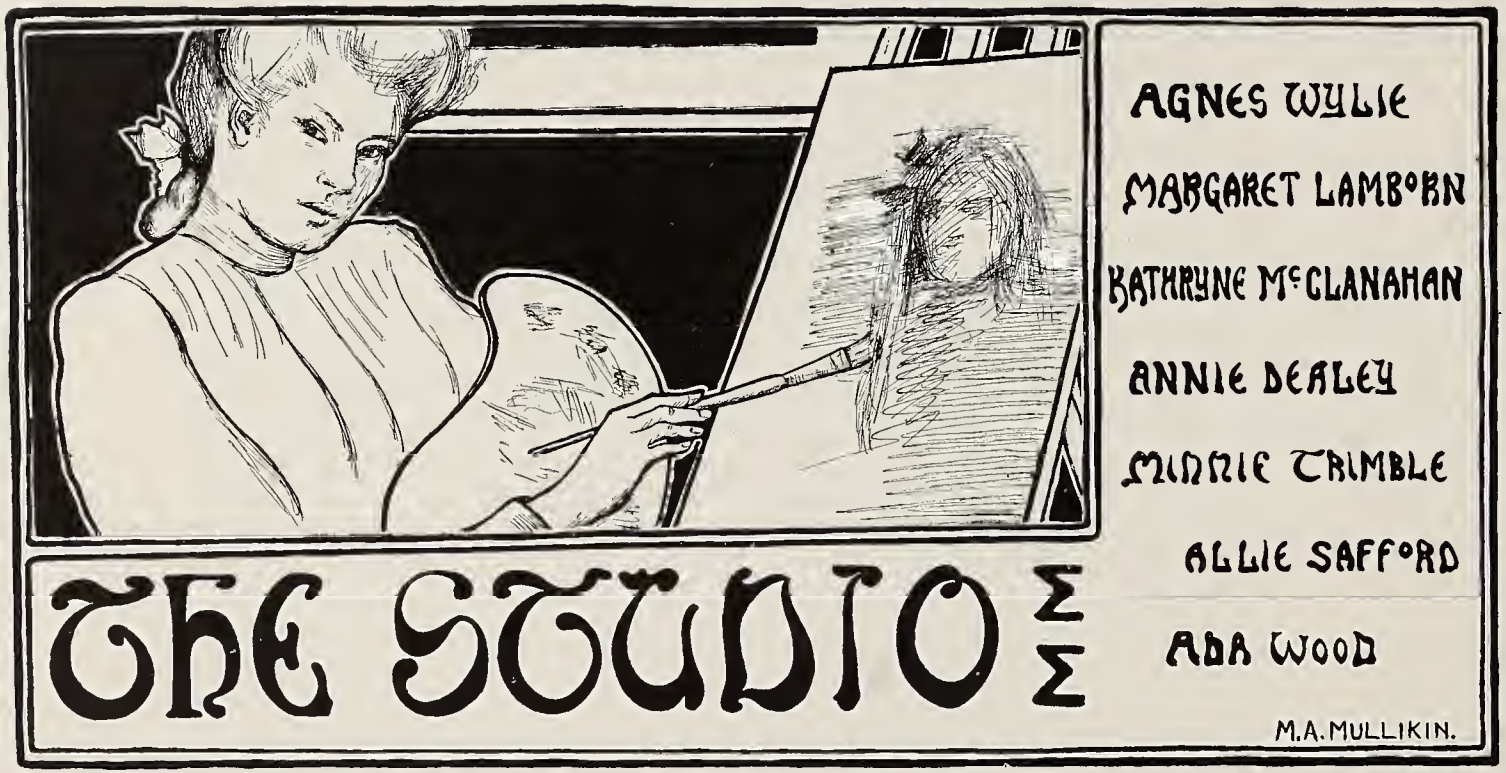
Military Drill

Company A

Roberta Clark	*Captain*
Frances Bragdon	*Lieutenant*
Martha Laurens	*First Sergeant*
Marion Stahl	*Second Sergeant*
Essie Longini	*Third Sergeant*
Ethel Argue	*Color Sergeant*

Company B

Barbara Vail	*Captain*
Helen E. Carter	*Lieutenant*
Edna Lois Thurston	*First Sergeant*
Gertrude Graham	*Second Sergeant*
Edith H. Anthony	*Third Sergeant*


THE STUDIO
AGNES WYLIE
MARGARET LAMBORN
KATHRYNE McCLANAHAN
ANNIE DEALEY
MINNIE TRIMBLE
ALLIE SAFFORD
ADA WOOD
M.A. MULLIKIN.

Shakesperian Roll Call

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air kindly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle graces"

R. Ad-ms: "In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility."

M. An-r-ws: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them."

E. Anth-ny: "A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself."

E. Ar-ue: "She has studied it well, but translated it ill."

M. Atw-ll: "Not skipping o'er the bounds of modesty."

B. Ba-on: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

A. Bl-ckst-ck: "Beshrew my very heart;
I think you're happy in this second match,
For it excels your first."

E. Bl-ckst-ck: "Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake!"

B. Bly-h: "She has brown hair and speaks small like a woman."

S. Bo-th-: "How far that little candle throws its beams!"

F. Br-gd-n: "O madness of discourse
That cause sets up, with and against itself."

Marg. Bu-hn-r: "And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me on the first view to say, to swear, I love thee."

Me-a Bu-hn-r: "'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

M. Bur-ell: "The course of true love never did run smooth."

R. But-erf--ld: "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

S. C-ldw-ll: "For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her."

C. Ca-n: "So quiet and so sweet a style."

H. C-r-y: "If I could write the beauty of your eyes, and in fresh numbers number all your graces, the age to come would say, 'This poet lies.'"

M. Carl-t-n: "Hourly joys be still upon you."

H. E. Ca-t-r: "I have heard she hath good skill in her rapier."

H. F. Ca-t-r: "An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest."

E. Ch-ds-y: "A maid of grace and complete majesty."

R. Cl-rk: "She was a charmer and could almost read
The thoughts of people."

1906

M. C-gsw-ll: "I speak too long; but 'tis to prize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length."

L. Co-es: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance."

A. Co-kl-n: "I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit."

U. Cool-y: "For to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might."

C. D-nf-rth: "The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she."

H. D-rl-ng: "Helen, I love thee; by my life I do."

E. Dav-np-rt: "I am as constant as the northern star."

A. De-l-y: "By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady."

F. De-l-y: "Thy skipping spirit."

F. Di-m-n: "I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts."

F. Dix-n: "Thou hast a mind that suits. With this thy fair and outward character."

L. Do-gl-ss: "Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town."

J. Dr-w: "Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."

E. D- B-is: "Infested minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets."

C. E-t-n: "Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?"

E. Eld-idg-: "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

R. Ev-ns: "Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep."

K. Fas-e-t: "That can sing both high and low."

J. Fl-m-ng: "But nature never framed a woman's heart of prouder stuff."

C. Ful-er: "Her affability and bashful modesty."

C. Gib-s: "Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair, speechless messages."

V. Gib-on: "——— shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

D. G-lb-rt: "I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think it so, because I think it so."

L. Go-d-ll: "You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with much care."

L. G-u-d: "You have a noble and a true conceit
Of Godlike amity."

G. Gr-h-m: "High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

A. Gr-fe: "If you can, pace your wisdom."

H. Gr-y: "In truth, sir, she is pretty and honest and gentle."

A. Gr-b-nst--n: "Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."

G. Gr-sw-ld: "Not a word?"

J. Gr-il: "——— will discourse most eloquent music."

A. Hal-er-t-dt: "A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue."

M. H-ml-n: "The force of her own merit makes her way."

E. H-ndy: "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

E. Ha-b-r: "And when she speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony."

I. Ha-b-r: "You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful; I never was nor never will be false."

L. Ha-r-s: "For courage mounteth with occasion."

M. H-sk-ll: "Past all expressing."

M. H-nd-rs-n: "O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side."

M. H-xt-r: "I wish your ladyship all heart's content."

M. Ho-g-ns: "I am not a sickly person, I give heaven praise."

B. Ho-er: "In maiden meditation, fancy free."

F. H-l-es: "Thus change I, like the moon."

B. Ing-is: "Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior."

H. J-cks-n: "I never did repent for doing good."

I. Jo-n: "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

B. Joh-s-n: "Marvellous sweet music!"

Ber. Joh-s-n; "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

M. Joh-st-n: "I have bedimm'd the noontide sun."

I. J-n-s: "How you do talk!"

N. J-n-s: "Such harmony is in immortal souls."

M. Ju-d: "For she is wise, if I can judge of her, and fair is, if mine eyes be true."

M. J-ne: "I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

E. Kel-ey: "How wise, how noble, young; how rarely featured."

L. Kel-y: "And her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

C. K-mp: "I must have liberty withal."

F. K-mpn-r: "As merry as the day is long."

G. K-ng-l-y: "There came wandering by a shadow like an angel with bright hair."

F. K-p-r: "Memory, the warder of the brain."

S. L-mb-rt-n: "Your eyes are lode stars and your tongue sweet air."

M. L-mb-rn: "I have heard of your paintings, too."

E. L-pow-ki: "Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!"

M. La-r-ns: "We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

G. Le-n-rd: "She hath a daily beauty in her life."

E. Le-i: "Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither."

E. L-ng-ni: "Hearing thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauties sounded."

A. Lot-m-n: "O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humor of her design."

L. Lot-r-p-: "As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day."

M. M-rt-n: "I bear a charmed life."

G. Ma-ne: "Your worth is very dear in my regard."

R. Ma-st-n: "The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on."

M. M-c G-eg-r: "And look you, get a prayer book in your hand."

1906

M. M-st-rs: "'Tis all men's office to speak patience."

E. Mat-h-ws: "O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st as thou wert breaking?"

C. Mat-l-g-: "To beguile many, and be beguiled by one."

K. Mc Cl-n-h-n: "Of singular integrity and learning."

H. Me-r-ck: "And though she is but little, she is fierce."

E. M-rz: "Infinite riches in a little room."

C. M-y-r: "I like this place, and willingly would waste my time in it."

R. My-rs: "Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

F. Mi-l-r: "Let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune."

L. Mo-r-l-: "Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core; aye, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee."

M. N-ls-n: "Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!"

Ni-ms: "I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise."

E. Pa-t-rs-n. "Heaven in thy creation did decree that in thy face sweet love should ever dwell."

S. P-ckh-m: "I would it were bedtime and all well."

E. Pe-rc-: "The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be."

M. Pe-rc-: "Of such a merry, nimble, stirring wit."

J. P-tt-r: "Present mirth hath present laughter."

M. P-tt-r: "What a grace was seated on this brow."

E. R-dcl-ff-: "Season your admiration for a while."

M. R-ch-rds-n: "Who was so firm, so constant."

E. R-g-rs: "Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

G. R-we: "If music be the food of love, play on."

C. Ry-er: "Is she not passing fair?"

I. Sa-t-r: "Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake."

L. Sa-l-r: "My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love."

E. Sc-l-pp: "I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain."

M. S-m-s: "O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

E. Si-o-ds: "Swift as an arrow; short as any dream."

E. and I. S-ss-n: "But innocent and pure."

Sm-th: "The fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

M. St-hl: "With heart and hand both open and both free,
For what she has she gives, what thinks, she shows."

A. St-f-e-s-n: "Shut up in measureless content."

C. St-in-etz: "I am not in the roll of common men."

R. St-ne: "Her life was gentle."

M. Str- -ght: "Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted."

F. St-o-g: "She always has been just and virtuous in anything that I do know of her."

S. St-o-g: "Happy the parents of so fair a child."

K. Sw-tt: "When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."

E. T-ft: "A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

R. T-lb-t: "Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

F. Th-tch-r: "Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful."

E. Th-y-r: "Let us say that you are sad,
Because you are not merry."

M.F.&B.L.Th-el-ns: "So they grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted."

E. Th-rst-n: "Pretty and witty, wild, and yet, too, gentle."

A. Th-ng: "If you do love me, you will find me out."

G. T-ll-ngh- -t: "He is well paid that is well satisfied."

F. T-m: "Double, double, toil and trouble."

M. Tr-mb-e: "I have no ambition to see a goodlier woman."

L. Tu-ts: "Neither have I money nor commodity to raise a present sum."

D. Tu-n-r: "I am sure care's an enemy to life."

B. Va-l: "There is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."

A. V-ck-ry: "I never heard such a drawling, affectionate brogue."

A. W-de: "I will make fast the doors
And be with you straight."

H. Wa-t: "Look on beauty
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the *weight*."

K. W-shb-rn: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

M. W-tk-ns: "She wears the rose of youth upon her."

L. We-v-r: "Her manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find."

A. W-lls: "Love me and leave me not."

E. We-t: "She finds the joys of heaven here on earth."

L. Wh-te: "The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do."

M. W-ll-t-: "My conscience hath a thousand several tongues."

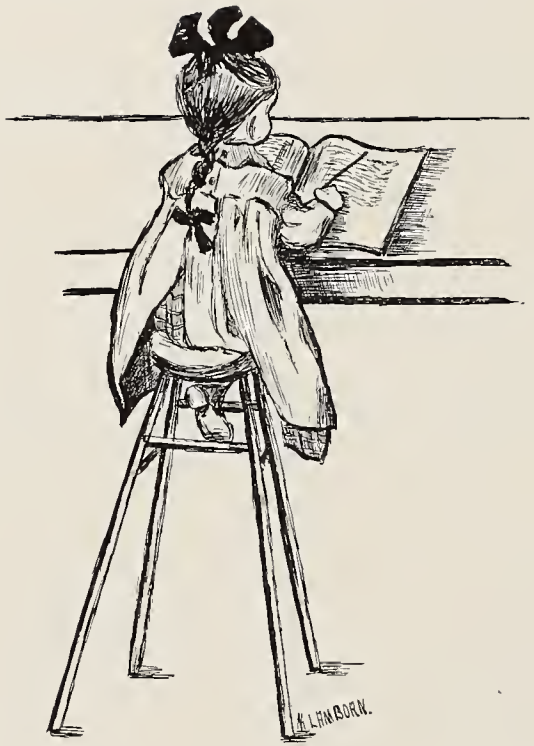
A. W-ls-n: "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

L. W-ls-n: "I were but little happy, if I could say how much."

A. W-l-e: "She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling."

E. Yo-ng: "Your name is great in mouths of wisest censure."

L. Yo-ng: "A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger."



Milestones

1904

September 27. Great excitement in Auburndale. People are actually getting off the trains; the carriage drivers are kept busy conveying newcomers somewhere, and real folk are walking along the streets. The sleepy little town seems to have awakened suddenly out of a long slumber. What is the cause of this outburst of noise, confusion and activity, where lately all was calm and quiet? Dear friends, come closer, and I will whisper it. 'Tis only that to-day Lasell Seminary for Young Women opens.

28. New girls gaze through homesick mists, with wonder and amazement, at the enthusiastic meetings of old girls with old girls.

29. The new girls are serenaded by —— What? Harvard men, Tech.; then could it —— Don't be alarmed. The new girls are serenaded by the old girls, and really respond so well to the yells that the old girls get quite excited, and wish that their sisters were just a little less smart.

30. The new arrivals view things in a little less green-hued maze, the old ones in a little less golden-colored light.

October 2. Nature dons her gayest tinted frocks now, to cheer up a few tearful girls.

5. The new girls surprise the old ones exceedingly by a very original and charming serenade; thereby illustrating what was aforementioned, that they are a pretty wide-awake lot.

8. Old girls entertain the new girls with a dance in the Gym. Everybody is in high good humor, and seems not to mind at all having her shoulder knocked off or one hundred pounds descend on her foot.

15. A knowledge of law is of great benefit to all. You never know what peculiar fate Fortune is going to allot you; but whether it be that you must face the stern, cold world alone, or remain in a sheltered home, a little insight into the statutes of the courts will be of immense value to you. Hence—Lectures!

20. New Maid at Senior House.

29. Harvard-Pennsylvania game. Great excitement among girls who have brothers (?) on the teams.

31. Hallowe'en. A queer conglomeration of personages gather in the Gymnasium. The petite French demoiselle converses with an African gentleman and a Quaker maid with a gay young dilettante. For some strange reason they all disappear about nine o'clock.

November 5. Great event. First Theatre Party. Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead"; also "Bank Accounts and Checks." A great deal of interest is manifested in the latter.

10. Seniors beside themselves with excitement and importance. Cause of this is unknown (?) until they appear in the dining room attired in caps and gowns.

11. Most unfortunately for one poor Senior, her gown cannot be found. She searches high and low, but this very necessary article of wearing apparel has been swallowed up, as it were. All express deepest sympathy and regret.

20. New Maid at Senior House.

29. Hearing that the Seniors have one desire as yet ungratified, the Junior Class, with their inherent and far-famed generosity of spirit, hasten to fulfill it. A costly, rich-toned ebony piano is purchased and sent over, accompanied by a fitting poem,

1906 *November 29.* written by one of the talented members of the class. The gratitude of the Seniors is satisfying, and their delight charming.

30. Good-by to autumn, and *sans* rubbers, *sans* hats, etc.

December 1. An auction is held of ancient and valuable manuscripts. Great enthusiasm is shown, and a remarkable arithmetical genius, such sums being bid as $1\frac{2}{3}$ of a mill, and $\frac{1}{1,000,000}$ of a cent, etc.

3. The Junior Class is very graciously and hospitably entertained by the Senior Class in their charming little mansion across the way. During the course of the afternoon the President of the Class speaks feelingly of the magnificent gift with which the Juniors have presented them, and begs that the Junior President be the first to bring forth its melody. The latter complies with her request, and renders one of our national airs in a manner pleasing to all.

10. Law Exam. Second Theatre Party. Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in "Much Ado About Nothing."

December 11. Glee Club Concert. One of the most enjoyable entertainments of the year.

12. Maid at Senior House departs.

13. A Musical Concert by the talented.

1905 *15.* "There's no place like home."

January 5. "Forever here, never there."

14. The Seniors furnish a very delightful entertainer, Mr. Leland T. Powers, who reads "David Garrick" in a most enjoyable way.

18. New Maid at Senior House.

20. Mice visit 38.

23. "This way. Now, all still. Young ladies, how can you expect me to do anything while you are making such a noise? Now, silence, please. Look pleasant. The young lady with the pink bow, a little to the left. That's it. I want you right up here. Well, have your laugh out, and tell me when you are ready. Now then, all this way. Look right here. See this little spot? Can't you smile? Now, all still. That's good. There —— Don't move. I want another," etc.

January *26.* Lasell follows the world-wide custom of observing Day of Prayer.

28. Sleighride for the Seniors given by the Juniors.

29. Mice in 38.

February *1.* Mails are watched with eagerness, because checks usually arrive near the beginning of a new month.

5. New Maid at Senior House.

15. Oh, blissful state of affairs! First half of the *Allerlei* goes to print.

16. Exam. in Cooking.

18. Third Theatre Party. Viola Allen in "The Winter's Tale."

22. Junior and part Special reception occurs. Underclass men retire to their rooms at eight o'clock, and are seen no more (?). There is none of that most mortifying custom, not foreign to such occasions, of piling up three feet deep on the staircases to catch a sly glimpse of what the grown-ups are doing below.

February *24.* Dr. Watkins omits the customary selection from Psalms to-day and reads from Luke.

27. Mice in 38.

28. Farewell to Meiklejohn. Hooray!

March *1.* "Give me some work to do."

3. The lucky few depart for Washington to grace the Assembly ballroom.

6. Miriam burns the dishpan.

9. The Juniors visit the State House, and honor the Governor's box with their presence. They become very much interested in affairs of the House, and one exceedingly enthusiastic young lady is on the point of moving a reconsideration of the question at stake, when Dr. Watkins suggests that it would be wise to depart.

11. Election Day. The Juniors victorious, as always. Question: For whom did the Faculty vote?

15. Orphean Concert. The last milestone.

The Classes

Hush! be still! A child approaches,
With a pigtail down her back;
Furtive glances 'round she's casting;
She has lost her way. Alack!
From the stairway by the chapel
Turns she back to sigh and fume,
"The stairway by the boxes, only,
Will lead me up to my room."
Never mind, dear little *Freshman*,
You will soon well know your way.
Wipe away those homesick teardrops,
And make up your mind to stay.

Hush! a door bangs in the hallway;
Exits she with pompous stride
Who has earned so grand a title
That she scarce can see for pride.
"Yes indeed, dear, I'm an old girl;
Let me help you find your door.
Soon *I* shall be *graduated*,
For this year I'm *Sophomore!*"

Hush! don't speak! You might disturb her.
She who comes must do or die.
For she's only a poor *Junior*,
Whose whole year spells "A-l-l-e-r-l-e-i."
Graduation seems afar off;
Visions only—cap and gown.
How remote seem Senior essays,
Evening calls and trips in town!

Hush! bow down and gaze with reverence
On this being who appears!
She has fought her way victorious
Through the darkest doubts and fears.
She has lived to tell the story,
Studied faithfully and well;
And proclaims to all the wide, wide world,
"I'm a *Senior* of Lasell!"

Aptitudes

Miss C-rp-nt-r: "You care not for another's pain."

Miss W-th-rb-e: "My mind to me a kingdom is.
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords, or grows by kind."

Dr. W-tk-ns: "His resolve upbore him, and firm faith."

Miss N-tt: "There is no rest for me below."

Miss P-tt-r: "At night I would roam abroad."

Fr- -l- -n: "A healthy frame, a quiet mind."

Dr. W-nsl-w: "His lips are very mild and meek."

Miss B-t-s: "I would fill the halls with a voice of power."

Miss B-ll-u: "Who may express thee?"

Dr. Br-gd-n: "May you rule us long."

Mrs. M-rt-n: "When she was good she was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid."

Miss M-ll-k-n: "A careless shoestring in whose tie
I see a wild civility,
Does more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

M-d-m--s-ll-: "I have not lack'd thy mild reproof."

Mademoiselle's Mistake

"WHO is it who disturbs the study hour by the whispering?" Mademoiselle's small face flushed nervously as she asked her first question as disciplinarian; and she would gladly have retracted her words as a tall, slender girl rose, and smiled frankly. "Did I disturb you, Mademoiselle?" For a moment Mademoiselle longed to smile back into the frank, girlish face, and say, "Not at all"; but her dignity must be established now, once and for all time, or her influence over the young ladies would be lost forever. Everyone had told her that, and she had believed them.

She looked at the girl coldly, and merely said, "The whispering disturbs, always."

"I never whisper, Mademoiselle; I was talking out loud," was the quick reply; for Patricia was a Senior, and until now that smile of hers had never failed to accomplish its purpose among the Faculty.

Mademoiselle bit her lips with vexation, and the murmur of subdued laughter rang in her ears.

"Ma'm'selle will be so kind as to take the studies to her room?" she inquired, half expecting to receive an answer in the negative; but Patricia, half angry, half amused, at the unwonted turn so usual an occurrence had taken, remembered that the new French teacher was not yet accustomed to the ways of the school, and picking up her books she walked demurely to her room.

That night, the first of the school year, Mademoiselle shed many tears for many different reasons. First of all, she was homesick; secondly, she had incurred the ill-will of the one girl at school she most wished to know; and worst of all, she knew that she had made a great mistake.

The next morning Patricia walked back from chapel with a group of her adoring classmates.

"O, Patty Craven," cried Elizabeth Burns, "where is all your Senior spirit? I nearly died last night when you walked out from Study Hour like the most demure Freshie, with your ——"

"O, I say, Beth, I hope you're not extinguished as easily as all that, for I have a rare bit of news for you."

"Tell it!" "Tell it!" "Let's have it!" cried a dozen voices.

"Well, I've elected Junior French, and have changed my course so that all five hours come with my Mademoiselle of the black eyes!"

True indeed, Patty was always doing queer things, but the girls couldn't understand why, at the last moment, she should throw aside the snap course she had spent all vacation arranging, give up her favorite lectures, and take the stiffest course in the catalogue, in order to recite to the new French instructor, who had sent her from Study Hour like a child in the grammar school.

For three months Patty spent an hour each day with Mademoiselle in the French room; an hour of perfect bliss for both. Patty, enthusiastic over the one study she cared at all about understanding; Mademoiselle, radiant with pleasure as her native language flowed smoothly from her pupil's tongue.

"*Ah! M'a'mselle c'est la musique!*" she would exclaim; and the red would creep into her thin cheeks, as she showed her beautiful teeth in a smile which transformed her whole being.

But outside the class room teacher and pupil passed each other with a constrained nod of the head; for after Patty had made advances, only to be repulsed, she had ceased to trouble about "the queer little thing," who always witnessed her wildest escapades, but never reported her, and who always seemed like her shadow, persistent and unresponsive.

At the end of the semester, in the midst of the mid-year exams., four of the girls came into Patty's room to make fudge. Patty presided over the chafing dish and Elizabeth scraped the chocolate. The Allen twins sat on the bed and Betty Newton was perched on the table beside the chafing dish.

"How are you coming on with your exams., Patty?" asked Elizabeth, as she scraped the chocolate into the dish.

"Patty will flunk in everything but French," Betty declared, "and she will pass that for the love of Mademoiselle."

"Well, if you'll tell me what you see in that mousey-looking thing!" cried twin number one. "Every time I come here she is just scampering away from your door. I should have fits if she shadowed me the way she does you, Patty; and then if you speak to her she turns pale, and looks as though she might bite."

"That'll do, Twinnie; that'll do. Get me some water to try if this be done. Not quite. You may eat the sample. Now, I can't tell you why, but that little mouse fascinates me. You should have heard her reading De Musset in the class room this morning!

"Il est doux de pleurer, il est doux de sourir
Au souvenir des maux qu'on pourrait oublier."

You'd actually feel as though she had some great grief which she was longing to forget in a burst of tears. I feel drawn to her, and yet——more water, Twinnie. Wait!" and the girls jumped to their feet, as Patty held up a sticky finger. "Into the closet, all four of you, and don't you *dare* come out until I open the door for you."

Patty blew out the alcohol lamp, and put the fudge, not yet done, under the bed. As a knock sounded at the door she drew a chair up to the table, and opening a book, she called, pleasantly, "Come in."

There was a slight pause, and in came, not the Proctor, but Mademoiselle. She looked at Patty, sniffed around the room, and for a moment a look of childish disappointment swept across her face. Then, as if remembering her position, the cold, forbidding look settled on her countenance.

"Ma'm'selle Craven, has she been making the fudge?"

At the sound of that hard voice all thoughts of deception were banished.

"Mademoiselle," began Patty; and with a sudden determination she continued: "Why are you always prying around my room? What are my doings to you, since you never seem to care to report me? We *have* been making fudge. It is spoiling under the bed this minute, and there are four girls in the closet."

Patty paused in amazement, for Mademoiselle had burst into tears, and was down on the floor burying her face in the cushions. In an instant Patty was down beside her, drawing the trembling little figure to her own.

"You poor little mite," she said. "Tell me all about it."

"O, Mees Patty, it ees that I haf made the great mistake; it ees—that I am so lonely"; and she sobbed as though her heart were breaking.

Little by little Patty drew out her pitiful story. Sent to America from a *pension* in her native France, where she had been a bright, fun-loving schoolgirl until the death of both parents, she had found an opportunity to earn her living by teaching, and she had come to the school determined to do her duty and act the part of the teacher, shutting out all memories of her own interrupted boarding-school life. The temptations to witness Patty's good times proved too much for her, for she had become attached to the girl, with all the passion of her French nature, and the smell of fudge had enticed her into the very lines of the enemy she had fought against so long.

"You're the best and bravest thing I ever knew!" sobbed Patty; "and I'll show you what good times in America are like. You see if I don't!"

Patty had become quite savage in her excitement, and, laughing and crying by turns, they were wholly unaware of the four girls who crept out from the closet behind the door, with tears streaming down their faces, the fudge forgotten in its hiding place. As the two friends said good night Patty understood, not only the significance, but the truth of the lines she had heard that morning:—

"Il est doux de pleurer, il est doux de sourir
Au souvenir des maux qu'on pourrait oublier."

M. B. S.

A Guide to Life at Lasell

WORKING DAYS

The rising gong rings at 7.00. Rise at 7.15 if aware of gong.

Breakfast as soon as all are assembled.

Lunch at about 12.15.

Prayers from 12.45 until inclined to stop.

One is not expected to be absent from meals unless one prefers to sleep, is not hungry, or has no time to eat.

Walking bell at 2.20 intended to suggest that outdoor exercise is beneficial. It is hoped that this suggestion will be acted upon.

No visiting in pupils' rooms is expected except when important gossip has been forgotten, or when there is an engaged sign on the doors.

After visiting from 7.30—9.00, a short recess is given at 9.00; at 9.10 all are expected to run for water or to go on next floor to "tell" friends "good-night."

The last bell at 9.30 is a signal to turn off light within the next fifteen minutes, and 10.00 to talk over the events of the day with sufficient clearness to penetrate neighboring transoms.

SUNDAYS

Rising gong at 7.15. Rise at 7.45.

Breakfast at 8.00; served in rooms if preferred.

Dinner at 1.00. (Students at French table are expected to slip quietly into any unoccupied places.)

Tea at 5.30. Fudge cake to be transferred from dining room to indisposed roommates. (Napkin or blouse may be used for this purpose.)

Immediately after breakfast are morning prayers followed by Bible examinations.

Bells for church services ring as a signal to obtain a signed excuse or go to church.

From 3.00—3.40 the time is generally used for letter-writing or quiet visiting in pupils' rooms.

There is a students' meeting at 6.00 in the chapel. All who loiter about the halls after tea are invited and, moreover, expected to go.

MONDAYS

Morning prayers directly after breakfast.

Rooms are to be swept on Mondays, usually, and the girls are requested to sweep under the beds as often as once a month, finishing the work not earlier than 10.30 o'clock.

Seniors are allowed to go to Keith's and indulge in "candy on the cars" on the way home.

Undergraduates may go to Waltham, if Boston privileges have been exhausted.

Room hours to be spent in the evening as usual.

LECTURE AND CONCERT EVENINGS

If an entertainment in the evening lasts beyond 9.00 o'clock, no one is expected to betray any signs of uneasiness. There will be no bells and students will go to their rooms immediately by the central staircase (after first trying to pass Miss Potter and go by way of the boxes), except those Seniors who have strikes or very affectionate supes.

SUGGESTIONS

Don't forget to put your sheets out every Saturday at seven.
Don't forget to tie your laundry list secure.
If there's just one piece too many,
Or a handkerchief they lack,
Depend upon it, friend,
'Twill *all* come back.

When you come late into dinner, stop and tell Miss Potter why.
If you wish your meals sent up, let Miss Nutt know.
Even though you're very hungry
You'll get toast and dainty tea,
Perhaps a juicy orange,
And six white grapes, maybe.

When a pain in your appendix makes you think 'tis time to die,
Just before an English quiz or time for church,
Specify your reason for it;
Feel sharp pains throughout the head,
And you'll get an "M. L. N."
And go-to bed (?)

If you give your name in for a list and then see fit to change,
Report it when Miss C—— is not around,
For she's likely to say something;
Something neither kind nor sweet,
And you'll feel as though your stature
Had diminished some few feet.

Don't lock your door, dear birdies, in the daytime or at night.
Ask all questions at the window; Mabel's there.
Buy paper and have ink-wells filled
At the office of Miss Maud,
And absence of the safety-wells
Are very much deplored.

Of course, no one of you would *think* of attaching to the walls
A picture by a tack or by a pin!
In a heterogeneous company,
A neat and thoughtful maid
Will find it very simple
To heed what has been said.

And so with homelike "tidies," and a taste about our rooms,
Our life may reach a really high ideal.
Throwing nothing from the windows,
Mending breakages with glue,
You will show consideration
For those who come after you.

Lasell Alphabet

Now little children, all draw nigh,
And lend a listening ear;
If there's attention from you all,
Our alphabet you'll hear.

A stands for Annex, across the way,
From which there'll a railway be some day.

B is for Bells, which forever do ring,
To remind us that we must be on the wing.

C is for Chapel, where we gather all,
For prayers, cooking, solar plexus and law.

D stands for the Dances we never have had;
And, really, the contemplation is sad.

E is Engaged signs, our dear friends, no doubt,
Place on their doors to keep us out.

Faculty begins with an F, and are those
To whom we ascribe all our troubles and woes.

G is for Gowns which the great Seniors wear;
One disappeared; now warn't that quare?

H is for Hats which the Juniors own;
The Sophomores admire them from distance alone.

Ignorance is next, and spelled with an I;
Its presence Faculty endures with a sigh.

Jealousy begins with a J, I have heard;
A trait expressed by strikes, a bad word.

K stands for the Knowledge we'll take away
When all our courses are finished, some day.

L is a Letter a big Senior craves;
If she doesn't get it, oh! how she raves.

M is the Maid at S. Hall, they say;
You do not know her; she's new every day.

N is Night watchman, who prowls about
'Mid the spooky red lights, with a lantern; watch out!

O is for Orchestra we have twice a year;
What joy thrills us through when it does appear!

Piano begins with a P; 'tis a gift
That the Juniors presented the Seniors with.

Q is the Quiet of day's early light
At six fifty-five, and at nine-ten at night.

R is Receptions which often (?) occur;
If the man takes your hand when presented, say, "Sir!"

S is the grand, mighty Seniors; don't miss
Their knowledge to note, in a Bible quiz.

T stands for the tacks you don't place in your walls,
So you have a clear conscience when Miss Potter calls.

U is the Uniform worn in the gym.
When Military Drill is practiced with vim.

V is for Violets we seek in a rush,
At the greenhouse, to send to our very best crush.

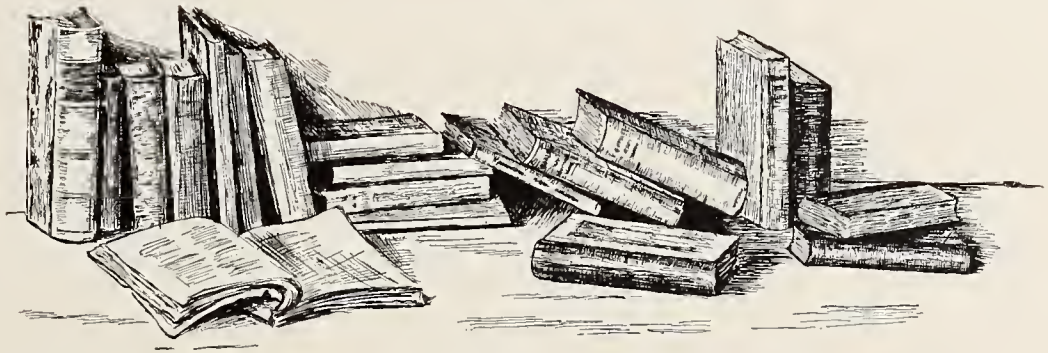
W our daily Walk that we go.
Do we ever forget it? Not *now*; oh no!

X is the Xanthic hue tinged with green,
With which some, I wonder who, are seen.

Y is for You, whom I fear I have bored
With my jingles and rhymes, all I can afford.

So Z is for Zeno, the mark that was seen
On law-exam. papers; explanation, see Green.

Lasell Library



Andrews, Marie Le Baron.
"How to Manage One's Own Accounts."
"The Beauties of West Virginia Scenery."
"How To Be Happy, though Stupid."

Anthony, Edith.
"The Difficulties in Holding a High Position."
"Trials of an Officer."

Atwell, Marion, and Butterfield, Ruth.
"We Two."

Bacon, Elizabeth.
"Borrowed Finery."

Blackstock, Anna.
"The Bright Side of Things."

Bates, Evelyn L.
"A Trip Across the Continent."

Blaisdell, Angeline C.
"The Business Woman."

Boothe, Stella.
"How to Grow Tall."

Bragdon, S. Frances.
"Collection of Jokes and Riddles."
(Points explained where not readily grasped.)

Buehner, Marguerita and Meta.
"First Aid to the Injured."

Caldwell, Sarah.
"The Good Housekeeper."

Carey, Hazel.
"The Well Dressed Woman."

Carpenter, Caroline A.
"The Art of Being Firm."
"No Moments Lost."

Carter, H. E. and Carter, H. F.
"My Double."

Clark, Roberta.
"In the Ranks."
"Stories of Military Life."

Darling, Helen.
"A Name Once Deserved is Never Lost."

1906

Dixon, Fern.
"The Story of an Untold Love."

Eaton, Cornelia
"Duty Shirked and Duty Done."

Eldridge, Enid.
"Means of Obtaining a Low, Musical Voice."

Fleming, Jean.
"Western Life."

Graham, Gertrude.
"A Revised Version of Mother Goose Rhymes."

Harber, Edith.
"The Master's Violin."

Harber, Ina.
"Castles in Spain."

Henderson, Margaret.
"Things Are Not Always What They Seem."

Johnston, Mildred, and Merz, Elsa.
"The Heavenly Twins."

Jones, Nell.
"Hero Worship."

Kemp, Constance.
"Buster Brown Stories."

Kempner, Fanny.
"Tidiness, as One of the Fine Arts."

Kingsley, Grace.
"Sunny Jim."

Kiper, Florence.
"The Seriousness of Living."

Loomis, Miriam W., and Le Royer, Jeanne.
"On a Maine Farm."

Lothrope, Lucile.
"Dream Life."

Matthews, Edna.
"The Art of Letter Writing."

Mattlage, Clara.
"Sleeplessness."
"The Usefulness of Judicious Bluffing."

McClanahan, Kathryne.
"The Masquerader."

Miller, Florence.
"Don't Worry."

Nelson, Miriam.
"A Sweet Girl Graduate."

Nutt, Mary L.
"Care of the Sick."

Potter, Lillie R.
"Manners and Dress."

Potter, Mary.
"The Religious Life."

Rowe, Grace.
"Told in the Woods."

Schlapp, Emma.
"Dreams, Idle Dreams."

Steinmetz, Caroline.
"The Story of the Bible."

Talbot, Rebecca.
"The Benedict."

Thielens, May Florine.
"Why?"

Thielens, Bessie Louise.
"The Good Manager."

Thurston, Edna.
"The Other Benedict."
(Sequel to Talbot's "The Benedict.")

Vail, Barbara.
"Ancient History."

Wade, Anita.
"A Summer in Europe."

Washburn, Katharine.
"The Care of Money."

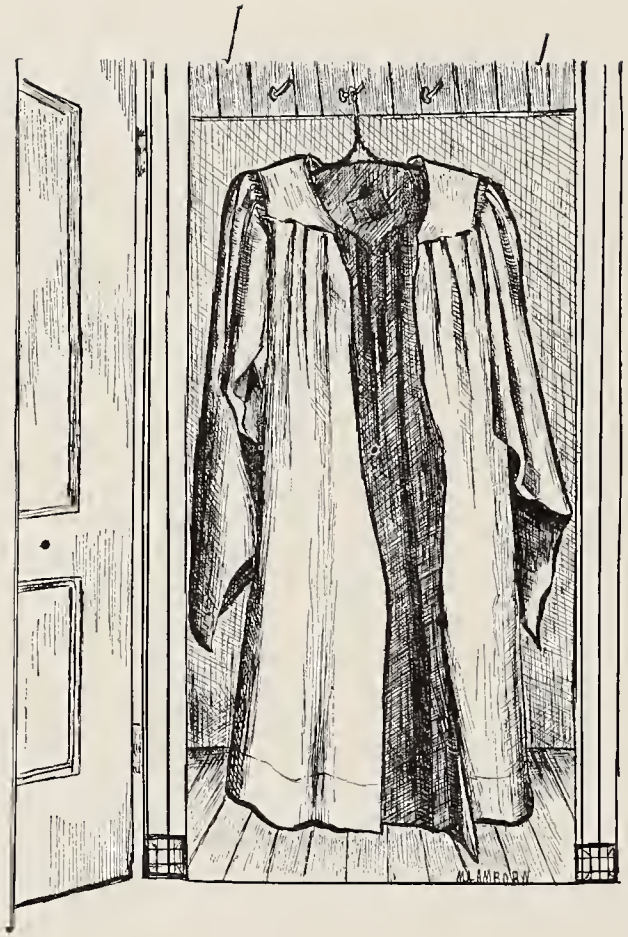
Watkins, T. Corwin.
"Bible Questions for Students."

White, Leslie.
"Just Turned Twenty."

Witherbee, Mary P.
"Form; The First Thing to be Considered in Composition."

Senior Statistics

Name	*Known As*	*Favorite Expression*	*Peculiarity*	*Haunts*	*Probable Future*	*Walking Period*
Bragdon	Frantic	"Slush"	Rapidity of speech	Room 23	College professor	Morning, noon and night
Carey	Ha-azel	"Oh say!"	Love of traveling (Boston)	Room 29	Modern Eve	With Helen F.
Clark	Bob	"Oh hek!"	Lack of sentiment	In all our thoughts	Miss Bates' assistant	With M. F., etc.
Darling	Darling	"Blab"	Fondness for letters	The Post Office	Ma(i)l(e) receiver at Pawtucket	After mail is out
Harber	Beloved	"Oh laws!"	Excess of sentiment	Room 54	Pres. of Bloomington Musical Club	"Hasn't any"
Haskell	Miss Carpenter, Jr.	"I'm so lazy"	Abundance of time for reading	Can't discover them	Theatrical star	She drives
Henderson	Innocence (?)	"Oh dear!"	Ability to bluff	Where least expected	A life of ease	Any time but 2.20
Jones, I.	Jones, I.	Hasn't any	Talkativeness	Within herself	Spent in Evanston	With Grace
Jones, N.	Nell	"For land sakes!"	Fondness for "rare treats"	Some lecture hall	Minister's wife	Extended to Boston
Nelson	Wuzzy	"Would you like to see my kodak book?"	Great strength	Room 23	Colonel's wife	With Beth
Patterson	?	Private	Height	A mystery	Sunday School teacher	Brief
Potter	June	Does not indulge	Church attendance	Church	Episcopalian Deaconess	With "sister"
Rogers	Rogers	"Canfiwanta"	Willowy impersonations	Miss Potter	A leading lady	Any old time
Rowe	Gracious	We don't know	Preference for backwoodsmen	The fourth story	Love in a cottage	With Ida
Vail	Roommate	"That's a snide trick"	Absent-mindedness	Miss Nutt	Missionary to Japan	In 63
Weaver	Miss Witherbee's Pet	"Have you seen our English?"	Love of English	Room 72	Old maid	With Minnie and Eunice
Wells	Ada	Who knows?	Brilliancy in cooking	Station	Housekeeper	To West Newton
White	20	"I don't know"	Slow reading	The Newton Library	Basket-ball champion	To and from Senior House
Willett	Quite Contrary	"Seen Florence?"	Variety of coiffure	Room 15	Leader of Woman's Suffrage	With F. Kiper
Wylie	"Stupid" (?)	"Yes, yes, hm-m"	Extreme amiability	Prayer meeting	Comfortable matron	To and from Dr. Watkins' residence



Senior Gown

There was once a particular Senior,
  Who cared for her room wondrous well,
But with all her most careful attention
  An accident, sad, once befell.

This particular Senior a treasure possessed,
  Which was, namely, a graceful black gown;
And in case of temptation, 'twas carefully hid
  Whenever she went out of town.

But one day she was hurried, or mayhap forgot,
  And the Juniors, proverbially spry,
Did spy out the treasure and carried it off
  Without even having to try.

This particular Senior then went to the closet
  To take out her much cherished gown,
And there was the hanger alone on the hook,
  But no gown did its yawning arms crown.

With suspicions at once to the Juniors addressed,
  All their rooms she did quickly ransack.
Did she find that lost treasure she earnestly sought?
  Did it ever—I wonder—come back?

Inferior Clubs

SQUELCHERS' SOCIETY

President	Miss Ballou
First Vice President	Miss Witherbee
Second Vice President	Mabel Romkey
Secretary	Nell Jones
Treasurer	Barbara Vail

Candidates for Membership

Dr. Watkins

Fraulein Heinrich

S. A. CLUB

President	Edna Rogers
Secretary	Gertrude Graham

Members

Edna Rogers

Gertrude Graham

Lucile Harris

Katharine Fassett

Nell Jones

Clara Meyer

Meta Buehner

Fanny Kempner

S. S. SOCIETY

President	Mildred Johnston
Vice President	"Jolly" Miller

Members

Elsa Merz

Fanny Kempner

"Jolly" Miller

"Sonny"

Anna Blackstock

Mildred Johnston

"Ourtown"

"YES," said the girl with the slight wave in her hair and a silver bangle on her wrist; "Ourtown is a pretty nice place, I tell you. Why, we have two railroads; we're on the direct line of the Y. M. & U., and everybody always thinks it's lots ——" "Well," interrupted the girl who was inclined to be stout and had sparkling black eyes, "we have three railroads in our town, and the best companies come to our opera house."

"Opera house!" broke in the girl who wore a Peter Thompson, "opera house! Goodness, we have *two* theatres, and get all the stars and newest productions. We're on the line with Chicago."

At the mention of this mighty name the others subsided for a minute, and listened with awe while the speaker continued: "Yes, we have the finest plays, the best lecturers and the most noted musicians. We have two parks, too, the grandest places to go in summer."

"How big is your town, Louise?" drawled a lazy voice from the depths of a bed (excuse me), couch, where a lazy girl, curled up among the pillows, was munching chocolates.

"Oh, about twenty thousand, I think. The last census says fifteen; but that was taken several years ago, and since then Ourtown has been increasing so in population that I am sure it is twenty, if not more."

"We have thirty-five thousand inhabitants," drawled the lazy voice again.

"My goodness!" ejaculated two of the girls; but the third continued airily: "Oh well, Western towns always seem much larger than Eastern ones of the same size, because the East has so many more, naturally. The West is newer, you know, and there is a greater expanse of country to be built up. The West is so progressive, too. That is what I like about Ourtown."

"I wonder what she doesn't like about her town," whispered the girl with the chocolates to the one with the bangle.

"We have a Village Improvement Society ——"

"Oh laws, so have we," began the stoutish girl, "and a Y. M. C. A. building and two libraries, and a dozen, more or less, cemeteries."

"Well, "said the girl with the bangle, "I'll warrant nobody has a prettier town than mine. We have the widest streets, and great broad pavements with grass plots extending out into the streets, and big, tall trees on either side."

"A regular little village," murmured the girl in the P. T.

"Our public buildings are beautiful, simply beautiful. We have a new Court House that ——"

"Oh, speaking of buildings, our new hotel just outstrips everything," broke in the stoutish girl. "It's the finest in our state ——"

"Which probably isn't saying much," giggled the lazy girl.

"It's all fireproof," the speaker went on, heedlessly, "and seven stories high! There are telephones in every room, and electric elevators ——"

"I don't suppose," interrupted the chocolate consumer again, "that any of you can boast of a Country Club."

"Oh yes, we have one," answered the girl in the P. T., excitedly. "It used to be a house—somebody lived there—and now it's fixed over just splendidly. We go up there all the time."

"Ours was nobody's house," said the lazy young miss. "It was built for a club, and is one of the finest in the United States. It is seven miles out in the country, and we go on the electrics. We have to walk a ways after getting off the car. They have the best things to eat there, and the dancing floor is a dream."

"We haven't any club," said the girl with the silver bangle, meekly.

"Nor we," echoed the black-eyed girl.

A knock at the door.

"Young ladies, this is study hour, and you should be in your rooms."

"Anyway," said the girl in the P. T., as she gathered up her books, preparatory to leaving, "we certainly do have the most fun in Ourtown."

"Oh, so do we," agreed the stoutish girl.

"And we," echoed the lazy girl, indulging in a last chocolate."

"And we," sighed the girl with the silver bangle and the slight wave in her hair, as she shut the door on her departing guests, and thought of the lessons unlearned.

To a Chained Cup

Thou sittest there awaiting whom may come
To quaff of Adam's beverage dainty sips,
All ready to be placed at rosy lips,
Little chained cup.

In life thou hast a mission high to fill:
To be the means of quenching thirst in throats
To such degree no silver goblet boasts,
Little chained cup.

But why held by this heavy manacle?
Thy handle slight is surely almost cracked;
The quality of mercy someone's lacked,
Little chained cup.

Alas! the meek and sorrowful reply:
"Some ruffians bold laid hands on me when free,
And ran and bore me off, so now you see
A little chained cup."

Ah, spectacle pathetic to the eye!
It almost rends my pitying heart in twain;
Oh, that those daring thieves some shame would gain
From the little chained cup!

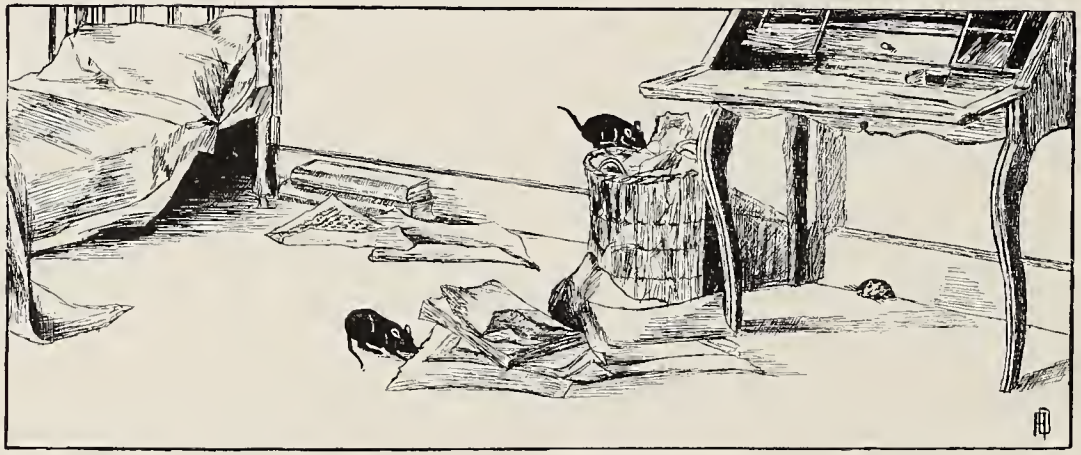
"The bird which can sing, and won't sing, should be made to sing"

(Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Martin.)

"Who'll play the piano to-day?
Oh, look at the hands that are raised!
Who'll play the piano to-day?
You certainly ought to be praised.
I really can't tell what to say,
Your eagerness leaves me quite dazed.

The music we'll have to omit;
I think we can do very well.
Your lessons you all had best quit,
The teachers I think I shall tell;
That surely will be a hard hit;
Their anger I hope you can quell."

"Rats! They Bit the Dogs and Fought the Cats"



Time.—Sometime in the year 1905 about twelve o'clock at night.
Place.—Room at Lasell Seminary for Young Women, Auburndale, Massachusetts.
Characters.—Girl with raven colored hair—Kittie. Girl with tow colored hair—Jennie.

Kittie (sitting up in bed with a start)—"What's that noise? Hey, Jen, what's that noise?"

Jennie (sleepily)—"Hu-um. Noise, I didn't hear anything."

Kittie (lying down again)—"Well, I'm sure I heard something."

An unmistakable sound is heard under the bed and then a scattered running over the room.

Kittie (excitedly)—"It's mice, I tell you, Jen. Turn on that light."

Jennie, now thoroughly aroused, turns on the light. The girls

shriek as two tiny mice are discovered. One of the tiny offenders scampers under the bed and the other makes his exit by way of the closet.

Jennie (eyes full of terror)—"Kit, did you see them, two of them?"

Kittie (very much frightened)—"Well, I reckon I did. I'm not blind."

Jennie (singing)—"Three blind mice, see them run."

Kittie—"How you can joke like that I can't understand. Ugh! How I despise the things! They scare me almost to death. Horrors! Suppose one should get on the bed." (Covers head with blankets.)

Jennie—"Well, I guess I'm scared too. Honestly, I won't sleep here another night. I won't stay here *now*, either. We can both go somewhere. Somebody will surely take us in. Why, I won't sleep a wink all night with them in here. I don't care what you say, I don't think it's anything to be ashamed of, to own that you're afraid of mice. I've heard awful stories—just dreadful—about them, how——"

Kittie (interrupting)—"O-h-h, stop, don't make it any worse. Where do you suppose we could go? I don't know a single place. It's late, anyway. I was asleep. Can you see the clock?"

Jennie—"No, I can't. My watch is there on the desk. Can you reach it?"

Kittie—"E-e-e! I'm afraid to move. O-o-oh!"

Jennie—"What's the matter?"

Kittie (laughing hysterically)—"Nothing; I saw my hair and thought it was a mouse." (Succeeds in getting watch.) "Goodness! it's nearly twelve o'clock. We might get a trap from the housekeeper, but it's pretty late."

Jennie (giggling)—"Yes, I should say it was, rather."

Kittie—"Well, now, I don't care; they oughtn't to expect us to sleep in rooms full of mice. Why just think of it, Jen, we saw two, and there are probably dozens more! They were tearing around, having the best time when you turned on the light. Villains!"

Jennie—"I wonder what's in the waste basket. Is there anything in it—fruit or crackers?"

Kittie—"Not one solitary thing that I know of."

Jennie—"Well, what do you suppose they came for, anyway?"

Kittie—"Oh, I don't know; to keep us awake all night, I suppose. It would be a good idea perhaps to put the basket out in the hall."

Jennie (alarmed) —" Never, not I. You can do it."

Kittie (indignantly)—" Well, I guess not."

Jennie—" Well, if I did it I'd have to walk clear across the room, and one came right out from under the dresser, you know.''

Kittie—" Well, I reckon I'd have to walk farther than you." I tell you; you go get the basket and I'll put it outside."

Jennie—" Well, if you aren't the worst. You could just throw it out the door from where you are. If there isn't one solitary thing in it I don't see why it should be banished, anyway." (Silence ensues for a moment or two.)

Jennie (sulkily) —" Well, I reckon I'll put out the light."

Kittie (terror stricken)—" Oh, don't, please don't. Just as soon as it's dark they'll come right back."

Jennie (restored to good humor, and laughing)—" We can't sit up all night, Kit. Suppose Miss Potter should come by, or Miss Witherbee!"

Kittie—" I wouldn't care a mite. I guess they'd run all right when we told them what was the matter. But don't turn the light off. I shall perish if you do, for it seems to me I feel them all around."

Jennie—" I'm going to turn it out now. We have talked long enough to scare them away, I believe."

Kittie—" Oh dear, I suppose we must. Wait, now, till I get my head covered up, though. Look at my shoes down there. I'll be afraid to put them on in the morning for fear I'll find a mouse in each."

Jennie—" I know, and I'll be afraid to go in that closet. One went in there. Well, here goes." (Turns light out.)

Kittie (about three minutes later, in a whisper)—" I don't hear anything, do you, Jen?"

Jennie—" Hum-um. I don't—believe—they'll come—back."

Kittie—" Can't you see them now, though? Seems to me they're all around."

Jennie (sleepily)—" Hum, awful—aren't—they?"

No response.

Silence.

Query

Did you ever waken early to the robin's throaty call,
And watch the sun roll o'er the hills, a great big golden ball?
And little twinkling drops of dew from blades of grasses fall?
Did you ever, *did* you ever?

Did you ever wander far away across the meadows green,
And reach the hills of Wonderland which bluish-tinted seem?
And there above all human kind sit down and gaze and dream?
Did you ever, *did* you ever?

Did you ever see the green-tipped waves come piling into shore,
And hear the ceaseless murmur of the ocean's restless roar?
While crost its foaming billows tossed the daring sea gulls soar?
Did you ever, *did* you ever?

Did you ever stand forgetting in the stilly thick of night,
In the silent peace of quiet, all the things that were not right?
With only space around you and the blinking stars for light?
Did you ever, *did* you ever?

Did you ever stop to think that life is glorious and good,
If people are not striving to be better, that they should?
That everyone can happy be, 'tis only if he would?
Did you ever, *did* you ever?

L'envoi

If you never, if you never,
What can I say to you?
You have not lived, it's true,
If you never, if you never.

Suppositions

Supposing some dark, cold night, along about two o'clock, the alarm of fire should be sounded and you should awake to find the building in flames. There would be time for you to escape, but not for you to gather together all your worldly possessions. In that one dazed moment before leaving your room, what priceless treasure do you suppose you would seize?

Belle, I am sure, would grab her music; Steinie, her alarm clock; Ina, her red hat; Marion, her little mirror; Prissy, her belt; Edna M., her last letter; Toodles, her cook book; Amy, her drawl; Katharine Mc., her paint brush; Mildred J., her smile; Lucy W., her crimpers; Frances, her glasses (if she could find them); Edith, her gold beads; Helen D., a picture; May Florine, a question; Bob, her cap and gown; Anita, her bag; Miss Nutt, her pills; Anna W., some hair pins; Cornelia, a bow; Jolly, her bookkeeping; Margarita, her arm attachment; Kathie, her strong boxes; Juliette, a song; Augusta and Rebecca, their jacks; Elsa, her absent-mindedness; Edna T., her wedding dress; Leslie, a book; and what a remarkable looking company would appear on the campus!

Supposing some day you should find yourself in the great, busy city of Chicago. You've heard of it, haven't you? You have once. That's all right, then. Well, as I said before, supposing you had just arrived in the city and wanted to buy a little of everything, and get a magnificent lunch in the bargain, where would you go? You don't know? Oh, my dear, to Marshall Field's, of course; where do you suppose? You never heard of Marshall Field's? Oh, child, child, your education has been sadly neglected. Listen! Marshall Field's is a great, great, great—I needn't go on saying that, because you could never realize its size anyway—big store; bigger, by far, than Jordan Marsh's or White's, or Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. Why, *they* are mere pigmy stores in comparison. You can get anything you could possibly want there, from a ton of hay down to a grain of quicksilver. You don't have to hunt there for hours and hours for something you want as you do in Boston stores, and then not find it. As soon as you step inside the door your eye immediately lights on the object you desire, and your troubles are over. When you have dispatched with your shopping in this easy, satisfying manner, step to your left into the grill room. Be sure it is the grill room, for things are served "hotter, quicker and better" in there. Of course they are served beautifully anywhere in this lovely establishment, but they are a little bit better in there. You can hear the orchestra playing, and everything is exquisite. I can't tell you what to get for lunch because anything they have is good, but tomatoes stuffed with sweetbreads are delicious; simply delicious. I might go on forever dilating upon the charms of Marshall Field's, but time and space are limited.

Only let me say in concluding, that Marshall Field's is the largest and best store, not only in the United States, but in the whole universe.

Inseparables

MIRIAM and BETH
EDNA C. and LUCILE L.
EDNA T., MARGARITA and GIBBY
MILDRED and TOODLES
EDNA and CHILLICOTHE
MISS BATES and FRAULEIN
ANITA and HER BAG
JEAN and ENID
STEINIE and HER ALARM CLOCK
THATCHER and HER ROOM-MATE
BESS and BERNICE
INA, MARIE and THEIR INGERSOLLS
EDNA R. and HER JOKE
CAREY and CARTER
NELL and HER BOOKS
DAVENPORT and CARLETON

Affinities

Would be
EDNA and REBECCA

Should be
JOLLY and EDITH

Shall be
FRANCES and MILDRED

"Misplaced Attachments"

I.

Oh! what a chilliness,
Oh! what a breeziness,
Oh! what a coolness,
Between rival strikes;
Cannot you see them freeze,
Do you not feel the breeze,
When one poor striker sees
T'other one near?

II.

And do they pull the hair,
While at each other glare,
Or wildly round them tear,
These rival strikes?
No, they are very kind,
Always polite, you'll find,
Only their state of mind
Shows in each eye.

III.

Weepings there are galore,
Many a heart that's sore,
One could not wish for more
Rival strikes;
Still, what would living be
If all were peaceful? We
Ennuied soon would be,
That is a fact.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it"

The Seniors.—Such a deep class . . . . . *Wells*
The Juniors.—Noted for uprightness . . . . . *Straight*
The Sophomores.—Ponderous and procrastinating . *Wait*
The Freshmen.—Never say die . . . . . *Cann*
The Preps.—May boast of . . . . . *Steinie*

Facetious editor of *Leaves*, surrounded by manuscript—"I feel like a literary maggot."

Interested friend—"How's that?"

Facetious editor—"Why, a bookworm."

("Oh! were but every worm a maggot," etc.)

"'Tis nine P. M.!" the maid exclaimed;
But useless did it prove,
For he didn't seem to understand
That P. M. meant "Please Move."

Kathie (when the lemon jelly came on)—"The jelly turned pale when it saw the flavoring."

"Silence that dreadful bell!" . . . . . 7 A. M.
"Push on—keep moving!" . . . . . Mail Time
"Give thy thoughts no tongue" . . . . Study Hour
"After the toil of battle, to repose your wearied virtue" . . . . . Vacation

In History of Art Class—"Who did 'The Baptism of Christ'?"

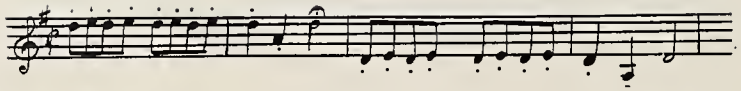
Brilliant Senior—"I thought it was John the Baptist."

First scholar, of inquiring turn of mind—"What is this Inauguration that everybody is making such a fuss over?"

Second scholar, with pride—"Why, it is the Inauguration of the President of the United States."

First scholar—"Oh!"

The Woodpecker



Katharine Washburn — Ethelbert Nevin

(With apologies to all three.)

There's someone tapping at my chamber door,
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.
But the light is out and I cannot see
What anyone wants at this hour with me,
For I've been just as good as good can be,
So I say "Come in" quite steadily.
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

'Tis only a friend at my chamber door,
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.
So we fall to chatting quite busily,
And we laugh a laugh so full of glee
That afar up the hall goes the melody.
Then once again there comes for me,
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

There's a wee small tapping at my chamber door,
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.
There's a voice like the murmur of the summer sea
Which says, "Dear birdie, I'm surprised at thee,
That you should not think more lovingly
Of your friends who are resting wearily!"
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

There's something tapping, I can hear once more,
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.
But there's no one about that I can see,
'Tis merely my conscience tapping at me,
To know how I could so naughty be
As to grieve Miss P—— so painfully!
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

M. B. S.

Questions of Great Importance Discussed Daily

5 P. M.

"Say, Jess, what'll I put on to-night?"

"Oh, I don't know. What'll I?"

"What's going on?"

"Nothing that I know of. It's Saturday night, though. It's always nice to dress up a little Saturday night."

"I know it; guess I'll wear my pink. Oh, I don't know though; it's upstairs. It's lots of trouble to dress up here."

"Yes, it is. Believe I'll wear my white silk waist—but the hook and eye are off the skirt that goes with it. That yellow waist'll do."

"My red silk shirt waist suit is all right, I guess. Oh, I forgot; I spilled ink on it, and never took it out."

"Oh, dear, this yellow waist hasn't any ruching in it. How careless of me!"

"I know what I'll do; I'll wear this old plaid thing. Mother says I must wear out my old clothes. I hate to, but to-night's as good a time as any."

"Conscientious child. Well, I'm not going to dress up at all. It's too much trouble, and takes such an everlasting time."

"I won't either then. I despise that plaid waist, anyway."

9.30 P. M.

"Jess, how much shall we put the window up to-night?"

"Let's see. Was it cold out to-day?"

"Oh, I don't remember. No, not very. Yes it was, too. There was a good deal of wind." (Moves window up, then down a little and up again.) "How's that?"

"Oh, all right, I suppose. Why not put it down from the top," though?"

"Well, guess I can." (Changes it.) "Now; that suit you?

"Do you reckon that will give enough air? I hate a stuffy room. I'd rather have it too cold than too hot. Let's have it up about an inch from the bottom, too."

So the long-suffering roommate changes it.

(About five minutes later.) "Jess, it seems so cold in here. Afraid that window will have to be put down at the bottom."

The worm will turn.

"Well, you'll have to do it yourself then."

Silence.

Careless, Catrina,—is the required form, since you are not the only one in the school by the name of *Careless*.

Why floating in mid-air?

Careless C.

Please see me

Shag, the Donkey

May I suggest that an occasional ¶ is advisable?

Why leave such awkward margins?

Did you ever hear of punctuation?

Absurd!

1. Why a capital?

Your comparison is too meagre for any effect.

2. A capital?

Why a capital, pray?

Utter nonsense.

3, 4, 5. Bad form.

Do you consider this dignified English?

6. Why a capital?

Manifestly out of place.

You are capital-crazy, Catrina.

Most ungainly indentation.

For hours I have been standing here in the cold, crisp air, which goes through and through even my shaggy coat, while those silly children are playing games in the field. Why a man's nose who was passing by was red with the cold! [3]*But* from [1]Morning to [1]Night I get no more attention than the ground beneath their feet. Such is [2]Life, however, for poor inferior animals like the ☞Donkey. [4]*But* why we should be termed with such scorn is not remarkable for we most certainly do not look over and above brilliant. *But*[5] looks are often deceitful and we know more than people give us credit for. I am a very good [6]Actor and no one ever suspects how much I am suffering any more than the Audience knew that Caruso had the mumps until it appeared in the papers next day.

Too many ragged edges.

Putting Knowledge into Practice

(Susie-Freddie Rhymes)

Summer day so warm and bright,
Limpid water clear and cool;
Little Freddie on the bank,
Little Susie in the pool.

Little Susie disappears,
Freddie follows after;
"Swimming isn't easy sport,"
Fred remarks with laughter.

Little Susie making bread,
Tries to knead her dough right,
Sets it then away to rise,
Leaves it for five hours quite.

Little Freddie tasting it,
Makes a doleful face;
"Say, can you make bread, Sue?
What a mess of paste."

Susie thinks she'll give a reading
From "The Stag at Eve";
Walks up bravely, makes her bow,
Guesses she must leave.

Can't remember anything,
Heart goes pit-a-pat;
"Goodness, Susie," Freddie cries,
"What a fraidy cat."

Susie starts to make a dress,
Leaves the armholes out;
Puts it on and sallies forth,
Big as life, about.

Little Freddie spies her, shouts
At her in derision;
"Seems to me, my dear,
You've left out some division."

Sue thinks she'll be her father's help;
Keeps his books awhile,
Sits up on a big high stool
In all kinds of style.

Somehow things did not come right,
Father's up a tree;
Freddie laughing hard,
Could only say, "He, hee."

Susan trims a little toque
To wear to church on Easter;
Sets off in a gleeful mood,
With her only sister.

Freddie, always rather late,
Yells clear from the door,
"Sue, where did you get that hat?"
They worship now no more.

After her exertions, Sue
Tries some nerve composing;
Scares a little mousie
Who all around is nosing.

Susie screams, and to a chair
Immediately hies;
Freddie coming in just then,
Laughs until he cries.

Doesn't it Seem Strange

That one Senior should know so little of the art of dress-making? Yet the ignorance cannot be denied, since she has actually worn a waist hind side before.

That Darling is so fond of wearing a Harvard pin?

That Hazel is so loyal to Cornell?

That Enid can't answer questions before they are asked?

That there is no longer a city of Rome?

That prose written by a preparatory Latin pupil is not always correct?

That "divine" is the name of a certain plant?

That the spelling of "isle" has been changed to "I'll"?

That Edna R.'s feet are so small they stick in the cracks of the swimming pool?

That Agnes is not at all innocent, merely stupid?

That Marie Andrews does better than we thought she did?

That Edna T. should try to rival Miss Maud in the stationery department?

That "bekscused" is spelled "be excused"?

That so many girls feel indisposed Sunday mornings?

That Miss Jones N. should find it necesssary to assume an alias?

That an old, *old* girl should forget that we have chapel at noon?

That, according to Prissy, a good school is one where hot chocolate and bouillon are served in the afternoons?

That a Senior should return to Senior House in search of her glasses, when all the time they were in their proper place on her nose?

That Edna R. should put dates in the coffee cream instead of in the cream of wheat?

What is the Difference Between

May Florine and a **?**

The wise and the otherwise?

Zero and zeno?

The Heavenly Twins?

Steinie and a Biblical encyclopædia?

Marie and Marié?

The supplies bought at "the store" and those we got down town (before down town was tabooed)?

A muff at 2.20 and at 3.00?

"Good morning, girls," and "Good morning, Miss Witherbee"?

The pronunciation of Katharine and Katherine, Catherine and Kathryne?

If We Had the Time

THE ADVERTISING AGENTS SPEAK

If we had the time to go each day
To Boston town, not far away,
And wait for hours on busy men,
Who always seem to be out just then,
And with our talk to bore them so
They'd advertise to make us go,
A hundred "ads" our book would line,
If we had the time.

THE SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS SPEAK

If we had the time to write and write
To the girls away, to them invite
To take our book, I'm sure our script,
In such enticing spirit writ,
Would charm all those to whom we sent
That they would buy to great extent,
And we would make a book sublime,
If we had the time.

THE ARTISTS SPEAK

If we had the time to seize our brush,
And to our workroom briskly rush,
Whene'er we saw a funny scene
Which to our eyes a sketch might mean,
How many times you would appear
Upon our little canvas here.
And oh! but wouldn't our book be fine,
If we had the time.

THE EDITORS SPEAK

If we had the time in studying spent
To give to this, we'd be content;
If teachers only said "Don't work;
Until it's done your lessons shirk,"
A splendid book we'd offer you,
A masterpiece like unto few.
We'd equal Milton in our rhyme,
If we had the time.

ALLERLEI.

The Advertising Agent's Song

I.

Oh, won't you advertise in our book?
  Come, now, don't you answer no;
'Tis the nicest little year book,—
  Everybody tells us so.
You know how many things we buy from you,
  You really ought to, don't you see?
I think it is your duty to the school,
    If not to me.

II.

You say we never buy from your store?
  That illustrates the point I take;
If you but advertised in our book,
  Think of the trade you'd make.
The new girls look in here to see
  What dry goods shop to patronize;
And then they rush to those they find.
    Why not be wise?

III.

Come! shall it be a fourth or half?
  Or better still, a page, I think.
What's that you say? They are too much?
  Well, now, an eighth is very cheap.
But still, a store as large as yours,
  With stock of such superior kind,
Could well afford a larger one,
    To my mind.

IV.

You think you will not advertise?
  Well, come, let's leave here right away!
I thought I'd like that picture frame;
  I wouldn't buy it now for pay.
I never saw a stingier man;
  He'll never see me any more.
Perhaps he'll have a pain when I
    Go in next door.

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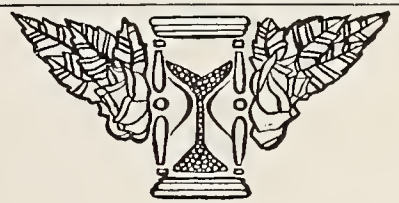

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